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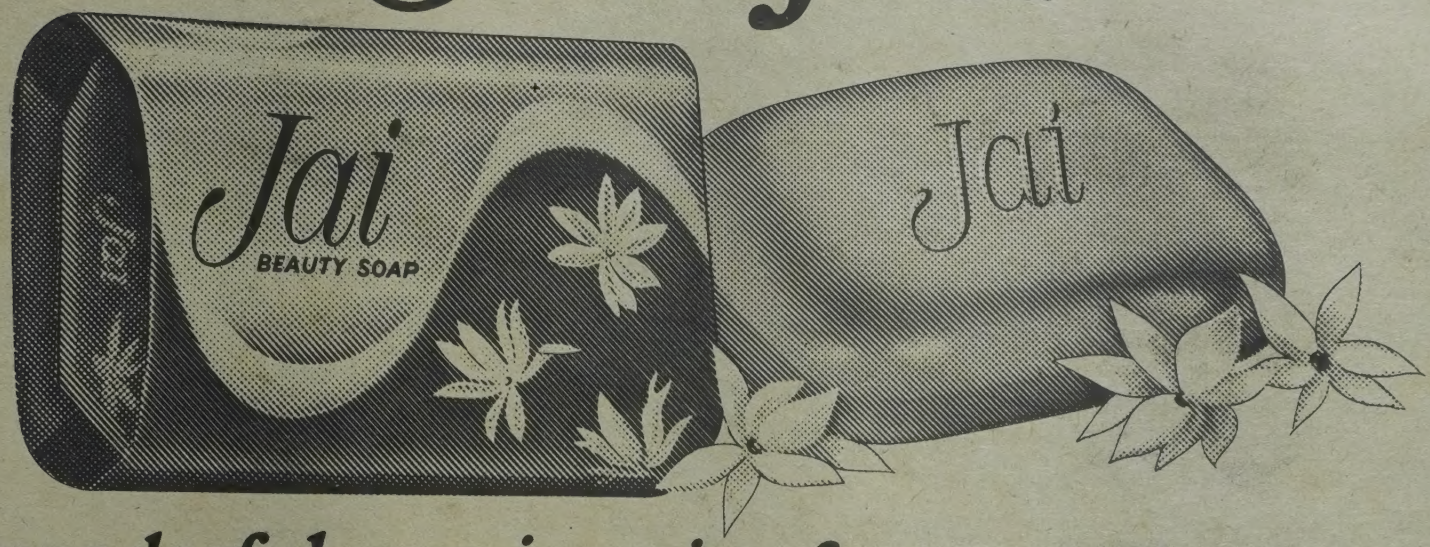

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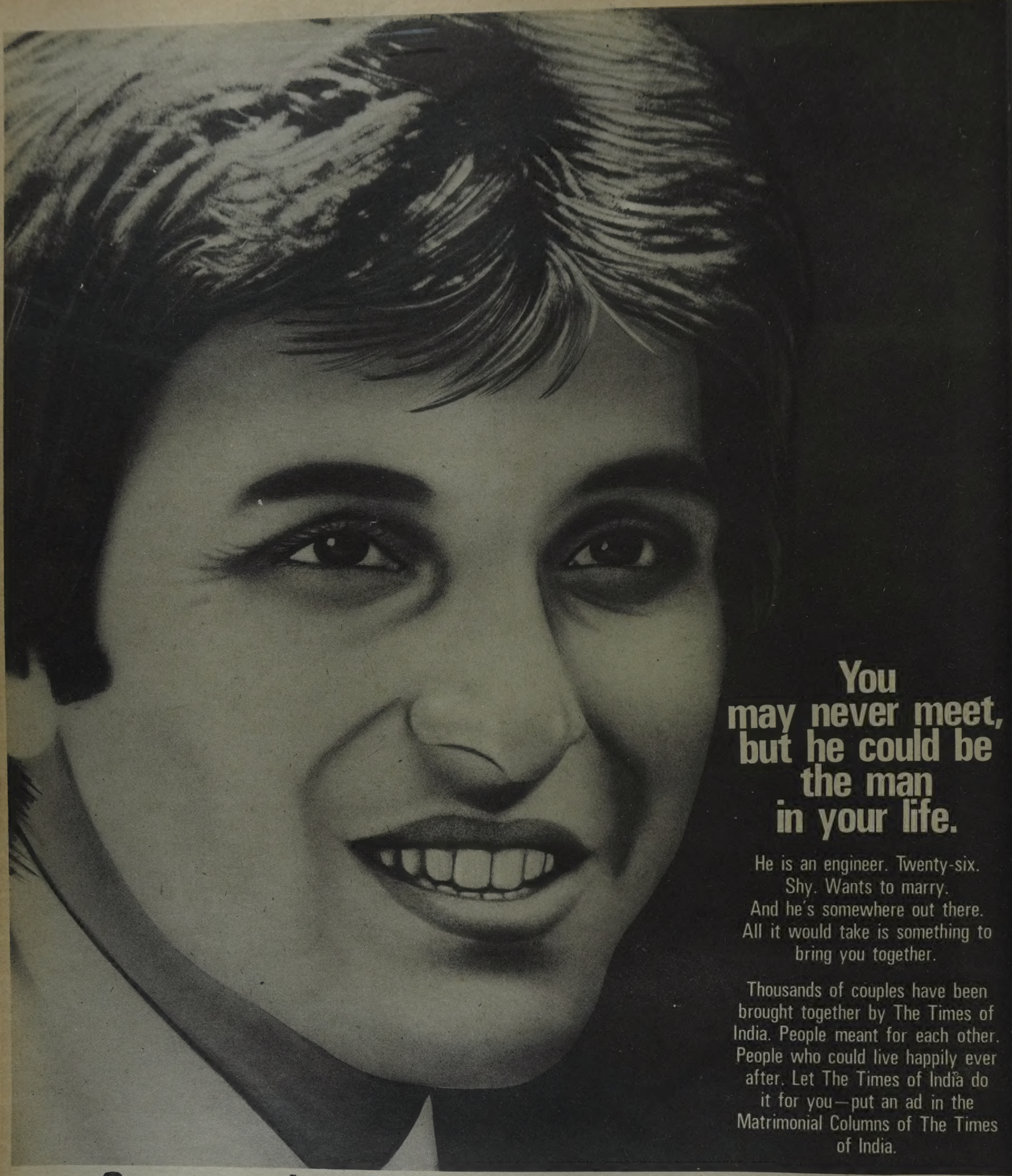

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RENOOCA QWATRA

What is it like to be nineteen and a woman, living all by yourself and trying to make a career in films?

"Tough," says Renooca. Her parents are staying in Canada and her other relatives are either residing abroad or in places like Agra, Delhi and Dehra Dun.

Attractive and very feminine, Renooca did her Higher Secondary from St. Mary's Convent in Dehra Dun. An exponent of skating, Renooca has travelled extensively in India and abroad. Like all girls her age, Renooca is very fond of collecting items she picks up during her tours.

Renooca was in fact, to join her parents in Canada after finishing her Higher Secondary. But the urge to remain in India and to make a mark on her own prompted her to break her flight in Bombay on her way to Canada. And that's what she did . . .

And for a special article on smoking turn to page 8.

Photograph:
Harmeet Kathuria.

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1st prize

CONFLICTING ROLES

I always have great admiration for women who can combine their career and marriage and run both smoothly. It is not as easy as it seems. Somehow, despite my own keen desire to get out of the home and do a job, I have a sort of diffidence in my heart regarding the success of both. I am a person who feels that human relationships, warmth, affection, love — and all that go with it — are much more important to a woman than financial independence. I have put my 'motherly' and 'wifely' role in the forefront, not out of compulsion from outside, but from a sort of need from within me. I may not be indispensable to my family all the twenty-four hours of the day, because I do not consider myself an efficient housekeeper. When I prepare food for the family, I want it to be both tasty and nutritious and what I hate most in food is monotomy. I love to serve variety and this takes up some extra time in the kitchen. Can I do justice to this if I work outside? I love to keep company with my husband in his leisure hours and it's a joy to play with my kids and teach them their lessons. Can a working wife and mother do enough justice to all that she wants to do at home to make her people happy? If she can, she is really a genius. She must have extraordinary capacity and my hat off to her!

Srijaya N. Char, Bangalore

Certainly, if you feel you are happier at home turning out tasty meals and keeping your husband company, whenever he needs it, you should stick to the four walls of your home. But, then, you say you have a "keen desire" to go out and work. You may be able to stifle your desires for some time; but what when your children are married? What when your husband begins to find you kitchen-bound and boring? What then?

2nd prize

THE RAT RACE

I was shocked to hear a father reprimand his son who had been caught cheating at the examination. He didn't upbraid the boy for having cheated, but for having been caught at it!

Come to think of it, today it is any means towards any end. You have to pass an examination. Whether you know anything about the subject is a moot point. The criterion is, you must pull through by fair means or foul. You have to win the game. No game is played today, in the spirit of sportsmanship. 'It matters not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game'. But not anymore. It matters not, how you play the game. All that matters, is that you must win. Today, no tests are fair. No competition is healthy. Today, the one who wins, or the one who succeeds, or the one who stands at the top, is not necessarily the one who qualifies for the position. Today ti is a rat race, where values, precepts principles, go overboard. It is a survival, not so much of the fittest, but of the ones who know which palms to grease, what strings to pull, where to knock, and how to pull the rug from under another's feet. Honesty, is for the birds or for the fools—not for the wise men who want to succeed!

Hyma Bal, Tellicherry.

The father who blames his son for getting caught at cheating is surely responsible for his son's dishonesty, in the first place. The old values are no more, but let us not be either cynical or despairing. Much change has overtaken our country. We can even now resolve to embrace the "Gandhian principles" the new government talks about.

3rd prize

TOMBOY LEADER

My aunt and her teenaged daughter happened to be travelling on board the Madras-bound G.T. which derailed between Nagpur and Wardha. While my aunt was dazed and shaken up by the accident, it was her daughter—always dubbed by everyone as a carefree tomboy—who stood up to the crisis. She helped her mother to clamber out of the derailed coach and single-handedly removed the luggage to the relief train. Braving the rain and dust storm, she walked up to the nearest station (about 600 metres away) to get a glass of water which her mother badly needed. She was a real source of strength to her shocked mother who was, no doubt, pleasantly surprised at her daughter's confidence and resourcefulness. Certainly, the advantages of an upbringing blended with confidence and independence as against a sheltered one are too clear for us to see.

Chitra Madhavan, Madras

It's not at all surprising. In times of stress the most unlikely people rise to the occasion. And those who seem likely candidates for bravery medals often fall far short of the mark. Anyway, mothers of tomboy daughters can take heart after reading this letter!

IT'S LOVE!

It was a beautiful experience to go through your issue of 'Many Faces of Love' (May 7th). Love is the foremost factor for the survival of humanity. As Browning puts it aptly 'Take away love, and our earth is a tomb'. Love has no boundaries, it is vast and fathomless like an ocean. Even if a small drop of it touches our love-thirsty hearts our lives will bloom with the sweet fragrance of joy.

Love does not necessarily mean sacrificing our lives for loved ones or spending thousands on them. Profound love, if expressed in simple, warm gestures touches one deeply. A tender smile, an affectionate squeeze of the hand, wiping a tear, softly caressing a tired forehead, giadly sacrificing some of our joys for loved ones, is love.

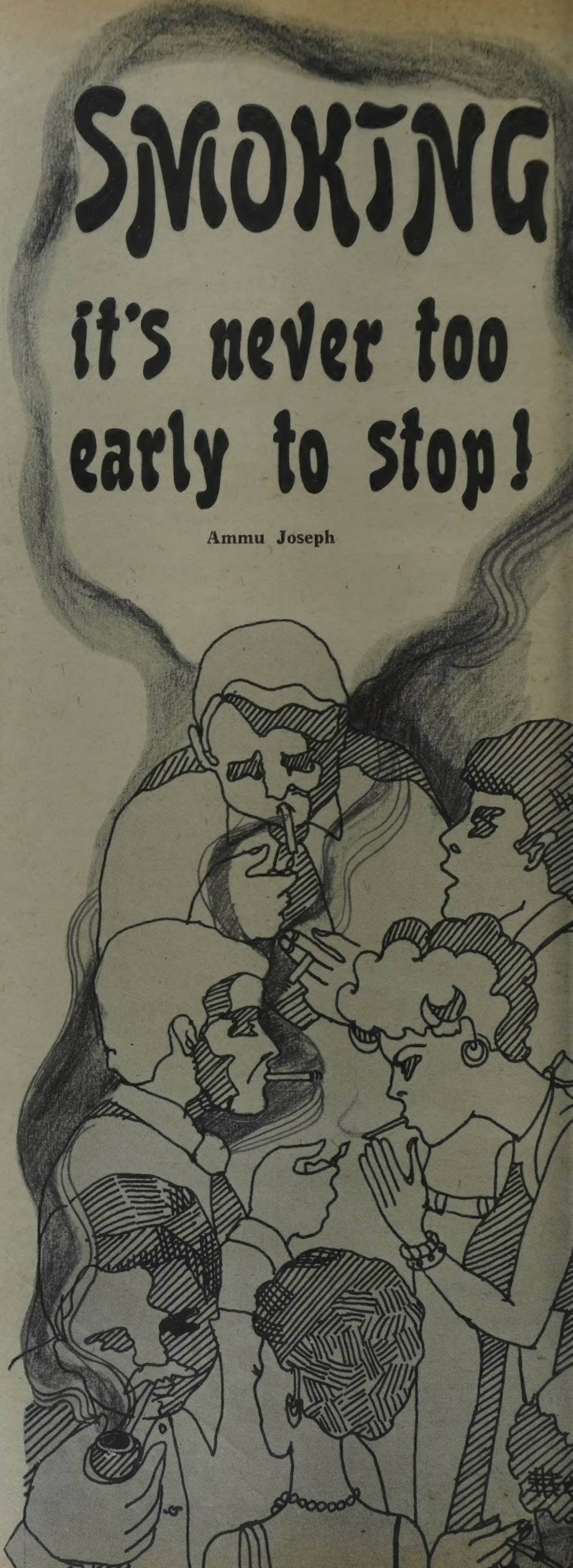
And let us be happy always. For love emerges out of happiness. We should not wait for happiness to come to us. We must create it for ourselves from the happenings of our daily lives, like a sculptor creates beauty even from a piece of stone. Let us not wait for the future to shower love and happiness in our laps. For the future is only like a rosy dream, it is always there, but, always elusive like a shadow. Every new day is both our present and future, let us always try to be happy and loving. For love, like time, is eternal and it is always there for us to avail its value both for ourselves and for others.

Neelam Dutta, Deheradun

Ah, love! There's just nothing on earth that can match true and unselfish love.

SMOKING it's never too early to stop!

Ammu Joseph



Dr. Jesse L. Steinfeld, Surgeon General of the United States, was addressing the Congressional Club in Washington D. C. He talked about the dangers of smoking, especially in connection with lung cancer and heart disease.

The audience was polite, if slightly bored.

Then came the announcement that woke everybody up:

"It even causes wrinkles," Dr. Steinfeld said.

Smokers tend to be somewhat impatient with warnings about lung cancer and heart ailments, probably because the connection between smoking and these diseases has been known and talked about for some years now and is, therefore, considered "old hat."

Perhaps it is time some of the other ill-effects of smoking were highlighted. The variety of studies conducted in this field should indicate, if nothing else, the grave concern with which doctors, scientists and responsible agencies all over the world view the health hazards of tobacco use. Surely they couldn't all be barking up the wrong tree!

When Dr. Steinfeld said smoking causes wrinkles, he was referring to a study conducted by Dr. Harry W. Daniell of Redding, California, which found a striking association between smoking and wrinkling in both men and women.

"Wrinking of the skin," Dr. Steinfeld said, "is more common and occurs at an earlier age in smokers than in nonsmokers . . . smokers in the 40-to-49-year group are as likely to be as prominently wrinkled as non-smokers who are 20 years older in chronological age."

Another study by Dr. Daniell has pinpointed smoking as an additional hazard which may cause osteoporosis or bone softening in older women. He found that the percentage of cigarette smokers was much higher (76 per cent) in those with osteoporosis than in a group without the ailment. Assays of bone density also showed that women with osteoporosis were likely to be smokers.

Professor R. Shearman, of Sydney University, has highlighted a combination risk for women smokers who use contraceptive pills. The risk of heart attack is substantial, he says, for women who are on the pill and smoke twenty or more cigarettes a day. Dr. Richard Dall, head of an Oxford University research team, has said that the risk is so high that women should discontinue one or the other.

A baby-sized doll sits in the entrance of the Rush Green Hospital in Romford, England, with a half-smoked cigarette dangling from its mouth. Hospital nurses arranged the display to shock pregnant women into quitting cigarettes.

Hundreds of studies have been done on the relationship between smoking and the process and outcome of pregnancy. About 118 specific studies on the subject were listed and evaluated in the U. S. Government's 1973 report on "The Health Consequences of Smoking."

All these studies confirm, without exception, that the babies of women who smoke during pregnancy tend to have a lower average birth-weight than babies of nonsmoking mothers. On the average, the smoker has at least twice the risk of delivering a low-birth-weight infant as that of a nonsmoker.

It has also been demonstrated in some studies that the rate of foetal deaths and those occurring just after birth is significantly higher for infants of smokers than of mothers who do not smoke.

The National Children's Bureau in Britain further states that surviving children of cigarette-smoking mothers were about three tenths of an inch shorter, trailed three months in reading skills, and were less well-adjusted in school than children of nonsmokers.

Dr. J. Fedrick, Dr. E. D. Alberman and Dr. H. Goldstean found that there was an increased incidence of congenital heart disease in infants born of smoking mothers as compared with nonsmoking mothers.

Statistics also show that youngsters whose parents smoke are more likely to adopt the habit than children of nonsmoking parents.

The effects of smoking on the mouth and oral cavity are not always taken into consideration. Besides obvious handicaps such as bad breath and stained fingers, teeth, dentures and dental fillings, and the odour that tends to linger around the smoker, there are serious medical problems that arise out of smoking regularly.

According to several studies. gum disease, the leading cause of tooth loss in adults, is provoked by tobacco smoking. Dr. Edward R. Loftus and his colleagues at Harward University found that the formation of calcified particles around teeth, bone loss in the jaw and the number of loose teeth were much higher in smokers than in nonsmokers.

Leukoplakia (smokers' white patch), a white, horny-surfaced patch of tissue, is an abnormality that occurs on the membranes lining the mouth, lips and/or tongue of smokers. Although many oral leukoplakias are benign, a biopsy has to be done to rule out cancer because an unknown percentage of these lesions have a malignant potential.

Many cancer-producing substances occur in tobacco tars. In numerous experiments, these chemicals induced different forms of malignant tumors when painted on the skin of dogs, hamsters, mice, rabbits and rats. In almost every respect, it was found, such animal cancers resemble human malignancies.

Approximately 15,000 new cases of oral-pharyngeal cancer are diagnosed and treated each year

in the U. S. About 90 per cent of these patients use tobacco in some form. The risk of death from oral cancer is about four times greater for the cigarette smoker than for the non-smoker. It has been found that smokers who quit after treatment of their first oral cancer are much less likely to get a second malignancy than smokers who continue to smoke.

The Public Health Service in the U. S. has stated that smoking irritants contribute heavily to 1.8 million cases of sinusitis annually reported in the U. S. About 75 per cent more sinusitis is seen in smokers than among those who have never smoked. It has been found that there is, generally, relief from symptoms of sinusitis when the patient quits smoking.

Tobacco smoke also contains many chemicals and gases that may delay wound-healing. Ulcerations and other oral infections are thus aggravated by smoking.

According to Dr. Arden G. Christen, tobacco by-products are irritating to the sensitive nasal and oral tissues and the smoker is unable to smell and taste as well as the nonsmoker. The smoker tends, therefore, to require overspiced and over-salted food — which leads to other health problems. The encouraging thing, he says, is that damage to taste receptors is reversible no matter how long the person has smoked. He can taste normally within a short time after he has stopped smoking.

The connection between smoking and lung cancer has been known for a long time. But when studies continue to find, as Dr. J. Rakower did, for example, in a study conducted in Israel, that the chance of dying from lung cancer can be as high as 81 times greater in chain smokers than in nonsmokers, the gravity of the situation cannot be ignored.

With the exception of a rare type of lung cancer — adenocarcinoma — in which there is no association with tobacco, practically all other lung cancers in the U. S. are caused by smoking, according to Dr. Alton Ochsner.

Lung cancer is thus a largely preventable disease—the smoker is practically responsible for his developing it. This is particularly sad because results from the treatment of lung cancer are tragically poor. The early spread to other parts of the body makes curative treatment by and large unsuccessful.

A large number of prospective studies have been made, which consist of following normal individuals — both smokers and nonsmokers — over long periods of time and determining what happens to them.

In well over a million individuals studied in this way, the incidence of lung cancer was found to be extremely low in the nonsmoker and it became progressively greater with the increasing amounts smoked.

After a while statistics and warnings can lull you into indifference. But should they?

The studies further showed that in individuals who completely stopped smoking, the chance of developing cancer of the lung became progressively less the longer the time lapsed since discontinuing. Total abstinence is, however, necessary for this to happen.

It is interesting to note that dogs trained to smoke became addicted to cigarettes and developed lung cancer!

Other cancers associated with smoking are cancers of the larynx, tongue, lips, esophagus, bladder and pancreas.

Non-cancerous conditions of the lung caused by smoking are chronic bronchitis and particularly disabling emphysema. The latter, a disease that is, apparently, increasing rapidly, is caused by much the same factors as lung cancer — i.e. changes in the surface cells of the air passages of the lungs brought about by tobacco tar deposits. In this case the deposits lead to the walls of the air sacs being ruptured and large, balloon-like sacs forming instead. These "blebs," as they are called, are mostly nonfunctional, although they are distended with air, because they do not absorb oxygen and expire carbon dioxide sufficiently to enable the victim to carry on the necessary functions of normal life.

Of course, the greatest hazard of tobacco use is its effect upon the heart and blood vessels. There are many ways in which smoking contributes to severe heart ailments.

For example, it has been found that the thickness of the walls of the coronary vessels of the heart is considerably increased in smokers, and the thickness increases with the number of cigarettes smoked and with age. It has been found that absorbed nicotine causes constriction of the arteries as well as hardening (arteriosclerosis).

There is also increasing evidence that nicotine and possibly other chemicals absorbed from various forms of tobacco, enhance the deposit of fatty materials, chiefly cholesterol, within the inner walls of the arteries.

The combined effect of all this makes it difficult for the arteries supplying blood to the heart, brain, extremities and other organs to function normally. Insufficient blood supply results in tissue damage and other abnormalities that result in heart attacks and strokes.

Smokers tend to dismiss the facts before them and say they feel fine as they are. According to Dr. L. Johnson, in "Cure of Tobacco Smoking," "The symptoms of tobacco smoking become apparent to the sufferer only after the disease has been arrested. An accession of high spirits, energy, appetite and sexual potency make the chief symptoms of smoking plain."

The prevalence of cigarette smoking is sometimes mind boggling.

According to "Listen," a magazine "for better living," if all the cigabettes smoked in 1974 were laid end to end, a nearly foot-wide path to the moon could easily be constructed. The path would weigh nearly two billion pounds. And it would require over 43 and a half billion square feet just to grow the tobacco contained in all those cigarettes!

The same magazine also says that, "besides eliminating the harmful effects of the crop now grown on it, U. S. tobacco land could be converted to grow food crops. In corn, it would mean 1.9 million more tons, oats 718,000 tons extra, and soyabeans, an additional 679,000 tons of this high protein food."

Smokers often excuse their habit with a nonchalant shrug and a rationalization: "I'm not hurting anyone but myself."

This is hardly the case. And it is not just the babies of pregnant mothers who are "innocent victims."

Sickness and early death can effect the family of the smoker seriously.

Further, on a national scale, the effect on industry, the health services and the community at large is quite considerable.

In countries like Australia and the U. S., studies have been done in an effort to put a figure on the economic features of the smoking habit.

According to the surgeon general of the U.S., in 1967 there were 77 million man-days lost from work because of tobacco use, another 88 million man-days lost because of illness associated with tobacco use and still another 306 million man-days of partial disability. Disregarding the health aspect and considering only the monetary side — taking $50 per day for those totally disabled and $ 25 for those partially disabled — the economic loss to the nation in that one year was $ 18,800,000,000.

According to a comprehensive study by Dr. G. J. Eggers in Australia, in the year 1972, tobacco smoking caused an estimated loss in wages of approximately 50 million Australian dollars, and an estimated loss of $ 75 million in indirect costs.

Besides all this, research has shown that people close to a smoker, who are forced to breathe his smoke, can definitely be adversely affected. And this nonsmoking majority is beginning to assert itself all over the world.

For example, GASP (Group Against Smokers' Pollution) is an American organisation which works to publicize the rights of non-smokers and to turn public opinion away from the social acceptability of the habit.

The American Association of Doctors' Nurses, a Washington, D. C. based society, has kicked off a national effort to discourage smoking by rewarding nonsmokers financially, also in this way helping smokers to kick their habit.

A major thrust of the AADN is toward medical offices and hospitals. "The irony should be obvious," says Bob Bickford, the association's executive director, "when a health institution ostensibly dedicated to saving lives permits or profits from the sale and use of an item which brings death and suffering to hundreds of thousands."

Study is being given to the possibility of having tax exempt status withdrawn from each hospital selling cigarettes or allowing smoking within its confines.

Airlines are setting aside areas for nonsmokers and these areas are getting larger—at times more than half of the cabin space. No-smoke sections in cinema houses, buses, trains and other public transport in many countries are clearly designated and are being enlarged in scope.

Movements to protect nonsmokers in restaurants, offices and other public spaces are also gaining headway in many parts of the world.

There are even private citizens

Continued on page 42

Introducing the first instalment of DENISE ROBINS' touching story of a young girl's search for her lost fiance, published for the first time in India

'DARK CORRIDOR

PART ONE

She was in the middle of the dreaded nightmare again. She called it the Long Dark Corridor. Usually she woke up bathed in sweat and crying out, yet she knew perfectly well, when she grew calmer, that even a recurrent bad dream has no real significance and she mustn't take it seriously.

She had been christened Corisande Gilroy, but from childhood they had called her Corrie. She was going to be married very soon to Martin Ashley—the most marvellous man in the world in her estimation. She was very much in love. Martin wanted her to have three months of freedom now, which is why she had said "goodbye" to her job in Christine's florist shop, and moved from London to the little Sussex farmhouse of her aunt Ann Williams in Nutley. Since the death of her parents, Corrie had made Ann's house her home. And Miss Williams, who had never married, appreciated the company of her delightful niece. They got on well together.

Corrie had noticed a change last night in the usual pattern. She distinctly remembered hearing somebody call to her at the end of that corridor, and it was Martin speaking—sharply. It was unlike his usual low-pitched, lazy voice which she found so attractive. And he called her by name, her full name for once: "Corisande!" She tried to answer but couldn't, then she was dragged into that dreaded room. After that, the awakening.

She got out of bed, went into the bathroom and sluiced her tear-wet face in cold water. She and Ann had planned a morning's shopping. She couldn't deny that the gods had given her the gift of beauty—a slim, graceful figure, a delightful tip-tilted nose and a wide, sweet mouth made for loving and kissing (as Martin frequently reminded her).

She was a sensitive, artistic sort of girl but far from weak or shy. She had an unusually strong will, even a streak of obstinacy. She was certainly not one to give in easily where her principles were concerned.

Martin worked for Horton & Mullins, the publishers. At present he was in Lisbon, attending the Book Fair which was held there every year in the early spring. While she thought only of Martin, she relived a few of her special moments with him.

The telephone bell was ringing. Corrie ran to the hall and answered the call. The rich throaty voice at the other end of the line was familiar. It was Martin's much-loved grandmother Violetta Maye. Violetta this morning was asking for news of her adored grandson. "Did he phone you and are you still planning to meet him in Madeira?" "Yes, darling, it's booked, signed and sealed — thanks to your generosity. We'll have at least three super days together."

"Permissive pair! Shame on you! I oughtn't countenance it. Staying in Reid's Hotel and not even married!"

"Martin so rarely gets any time off except his normal three week's holiday. But the firm's allowed him extra time, and thanks to you, darling, we're able to afford it. Reid's Hotel sounds so gorgeous. . . Hang on, I've just seen a telegram being pushed through the box. It must be from Martin. I'll open it and see if there is any news."

There were three lines. "All set for Sunday, 19th March. Meet me at Reid's. I love you. Martin."

Corrie repeated this to Violetta. As soon as Violetta rang off, Corrie telephoned her answer, addressing the wire to Martin's hotel in Lisbon. "I'll be there, I love you."

Miss Williams couldn't help noticing this morning how really beautiful Corrie looked. Excitement made her eyes brilliant. She was glowing. This morning her thoughts circled like restless birds round and round Martin. She could not imagine any sort of life without him now. If he were to die suddenly, unexpectedly. . . people did. . . if she were to find herself alone forever in that long corridor of her nightmare. . . God! what a horrible idea. She wouldn't be able to endure it, and she certainly would never find a substitute for him. She would want to die, too.

Corrie drank two cups of strong coffee and shut her mind to any such possibility. Once in the car, on the way to East Grinstead, she cheered up, remembering Martin's telegram. All was well. In forty-eight hours' time they would be together. A fine March morning. Corrie wasted no more time worrying about nightmares or possible disasters.

As she flew from Heathrow to Madeira, she felt that she must surely be the happiest girl in the world. Once she landed in Madeira she was taken by motor coach to Funchal—the famous little port where she expected to find Reid's Hotel and Martin. Corrie's heart beat faster. "Oh Martin, my love!" she whispered the words, her whole mind and body vibrant with anticipation.

A dark-eyed, courteous porter took her suitcase. Corrie was fascinated by the sight of the magnificant orchids which grew so plentifully on this island, arranged in tall cellophane funnels, and by the glorious multi-coloured freesias. Madly excited, she followed the boy and her suitcase into the hotel and asked the hall-porter if Mr. Ashley had arrived. "Yes, mam'selle. He came this morning. You are Miss Gilroy, yes? Mr. Ashley's room is 91X on the top floor—the ninth. Somebody in Reception will take you up. You are on the same floor as Mr. Ashley."

Then, longing to see Martin, she hurried on to the reception desk. Here a nice looking young man gave her a form to fill up after which he offered to take her up in the lift. "Please, no, do you mind if I go up by myself?" He understood. The couple wanted to be reunited in great privacy. So Corrie went up in the lift, got out on the ninth floor, and quickly found her way to the numb marked on the key. Martin's roo was two doors farther along t corridor. First she examined h own room and put her suitca on her bed, then opened the sh ters.

Blissfully, Corrie stretched h arms above her head. She breat ed in the fresh salt air. The s was warm upon her face. S had never felt happier. She hu ried to Room 91X. His room. S knocked several times but the was no reply—only silence. S felt absurdly disappointed b presumed Martin must have go out.

A plump little Portuguese chambermaid wearing a tiny crisp white apron over her short black dress, came down the corridor and spoke to Corrie in halting English. "Wait . . . in. . ." She pointed to Martin's door. Yes, thought Corrie, I will go in and wait for him, and when he opens his door he'll find me there. It'll be terribly exciting. As expected she found nobody there. She telephoned down to the hall-porter. He said that he, personally, had not seen Mr. Ashley go out, but his key was not on its hook. Perhaps he had taken it out with him. Some of the guests did this. His absence had not been noted.

"What time did he arrive?" Corrie asked. "Before midday," was the reply. "He may, of course be down by the swimming pools or in the gardens. I will have him paged, Miss Gilroy."

Corrie put down the telephone. Her brows contracted. Ten minutes later the hall-porter telephoned back to tell her that Mr. Ashley was nowhere to be found, and that nobody has seen him leave the hotel. Unfortunately, he could give her no further information. Turning, Corrie noted with satisfaction Martin's suitcase open on the bed, his blue pyjamas and dressing-gown thrown on top. He hadn't really unpacked. She saw too a half-opened packet of cigarettes on the dressing-table. Beside it, a silver lighter. Why, Corrie thought, it's the rather special one she herself had given him for Christmas. Oh, where had he gone? And without taking his "smokes"—unusual for Martin.

Corrie took a cigarette from the packet, murmuring "Thank you, my darling," and began to walk up and down the room. Soon with one of the rapid changes often experienced on this coast, the sun went in. Corrie shivered suddenly. "Don't be too long, Martin," she said the words aloud. "Oh, please don't be too long, my love!" An hour passed. Still he did not come.

Corrie grew restless and more than a little puzzled. It was so odd. Surely he had known the time her plane was due to land? He must know that she had arrived by now. Of course, he had warned her before he had left her that he wouldn't be able to meet her at the airport. He was flying from Lisbon. They would not arrive at the same time. But he had already booked in at Reid's. It was now quarter past six. It didn't make sense.

Suddenly, Corrie felt overwhelmingly tired. It was sheer exhaustion she supposed after the flight, the drive to Funchal, and this bitter disappointment and restlessness. She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes. Almost immediately she fell asleep. When she awoke it was dark. She realised with quite a sense of shock that night had fallen.

Where was he? Corrie began to walk up and down. Then she returned to her own room and unpacked—trying not to feel disturbed and anxious. She had a hot bath and changed from her trouser-suit into a dinner-dress. Violetta had told her that even in these days they changed for dinner at Reid's, because it was proud of its "old world" atmosphere. But Corrie dressed without enthusiasm.

When they reached the sixth floor all got out of the lift. There were only three others in the lift —a young couple and a young man who had been staring at Corrie, spoke.

"We've met before, haven't we?" he asked.

She told him her name and his eyes brightened. "But, of course. My sister was at school with you. I'm Hugh Aylmer."

"Oh," echoed Corrie, "Liz Aylmer's brother?"

"Right," Hugh Aylmer flushed with pleasure at Corrie's recognition of him. He could only remember her as a thin schoolgirl with short curly hair which, even then, he had noticed was the most attractive russet colour. He remembered, too, that Liz used to say Corrie was much nicer than the other girls because she was so kind and generous. They had been firm friends.

"Are you by yourself? If so, come into the bar and have a drink with me." The colour rushed to her cheeks, but she decided to talk. "I'm here with my fiance, but I'd like to talk to you because I am rather worried about him."

She stayed silent while Hugh Aylmer ordered the sherry chosen by them both. Then, with all her anxiety welling up from her very heart, she poured out her story. Soon Hugh knew all about Martin Ashley's failure to come back to the hotel. "Odd, I must say. Don't understand it." "Nor do I." "I'm sure nothing very serious has happened to him. Why should it?"

She wrinkled her forehead, not quite certain. Trying to comfort her, Hugh said, "You know what men are like. They get talking, having a couple of drinks. I am sure your Martin will come walking through the door at any moment and have a plausible explanation."

Now he tried to joke and help in that way to ease some of her tension. "I know what's happened. He has met with a smashing Portuguese girl with huge black eyes and she's cast a spell on him and he's completely forgotten his date with you."

She gave a weak laugh. "Yes, that's it! I've been jilted." Corrie then remembered that Hugh had not been at his sister's wedding. Hugh grinned at her, "Splendid! You do remember?"

"And you realise, don't you," she went on, "that you and Martin are both in the book world? He flew out to Lisbon for Horton & Mullins." And then, thinking of Martin, she said under her breath, "Oh God! It's past nine and still not a word from Martin. Something must bave happened to him."

Hugh took Corrie's arm—he could feel her trembling. Poor little thing, she was in a state all right. He said, "The time has come for us to do something a bit more positive. We'll have a chat with the hall-porter and get him to phone the local hospital and the police."

Corrie's golden hazel eyes looked suddenly stricken. The police!

Hugh decided that the thing to do was to approach the manager of Reid's himself. He was at once available and talked to them in the waiting-room which was unoccupied at this hour. He could see that the attractive young English girl was labouring under a great strain and he was full of sympathy. By the time he had

continued on page 23

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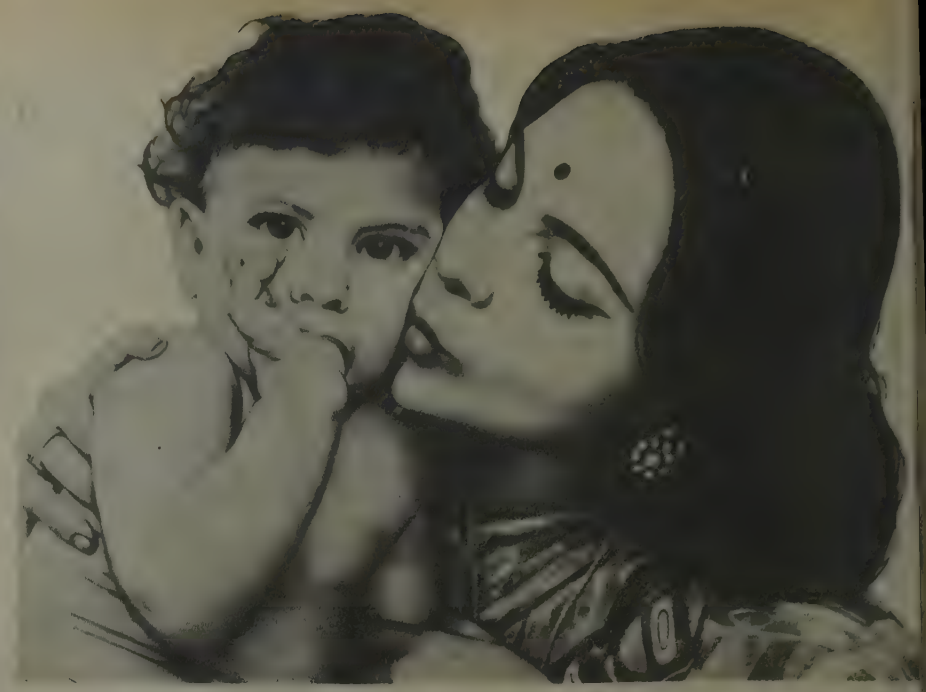

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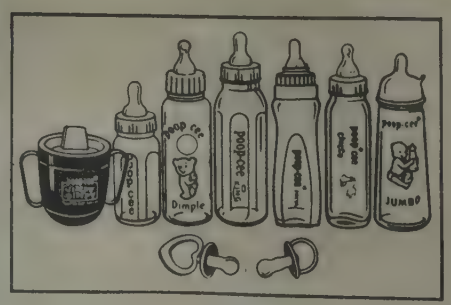

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IS SACCHARINE SAFE?

. Shoukath Ahmed

Following laboratory investigations which have established that saccharine can cause cancer, the US has banned the use of this artificial sweetener

Worldwide consumer attention s once again focused on saccha-rine as the US ban on this arti-ficial sweetener goes into effect this month, and many other na-tions are likely to adopt similar measures soon. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has ruled that saccharine — the last artificial sweetener allowed in the US — must stop being used by July 1977.

Canada was the first country to ban the use of saccharine, fol-lowing scientific findings that the sugar substitute caused cancer-ous growths and stones in the bladders of laboratory rats. Im-mediately the US followed suit with a ban which it had lifted in 1975. But this comes as no sur-prise because evidence of the carcinogenic (cancer causing) character of saccharine has mounted from chemical tests in several countries.

In 1973, it was the turn of Ja-pan to prohibit saccharine, by then widely regarded as a cancer threat. However, its use in a limited form continued in the country, which rendered the ban virtually ineffective. The food processing industry there ingeni-ously managed to obtain govern-ment sanction to use this synthe-tic sweetener in 31 products, which included ice-cream and soft drinks. But Japan has wo-ken up to the happenings in Ca-nada and America and the gov-ernment is under heavy pressure to clamp restrictions on its use, being the world's biggest produ-cer and consumer of saccharine. Along with Japan, the USA and Canada consume about 85 per cent of the global saccharine pro-duction. It is now reportedly considering a total ban on sac-charine.

Some bladder cancers were in-duced in laboratory rats at the end of a lifetime of drinking sac-charine, in doses hundreds of times above normal. Although the FDA act of US as amended in 1958 does not make any allow-ances for dose rates in any car-cinogenic substances consumed by people, barring tabocco, the ban is being contested by saccharine manufacturers on the charge that huge doses of the sweetener were administered to the ani-mals.

"An example of colossal gov-ernment over-regulation in dis-regard of science and the needs and wants of consumers" was how Robert M. Kellen, President of Calorie Control Council based in Atlanta described the FDA action. According to him, the risk to human health was mini-mal. Besides, saccharine as a low-calorie sugar substitute is in-dispensable to consumers. He contends that the results of tests were inconclusive and calls for an international study of the is-sue before any drastic measures are initiated.

But the laboratory investiga-tions do establish that saccharine can cause cancer. To add to it, recent research into this sweet-ener reveals another harmful side. Reports from Canada say that saccharine has a concentra-tion of impurities that lead to mutations in micro-organisms. These impurities were discover-ed in all samples of commercial saccharine by researchers of the Canadian Health Ministry. Tho-ugh they couldn't isolate these, they are trying to find in their current research, ways by which the impurities could be removed from the product.

Obviously the industry has a greater stake in the problem than the consumers, as about three quarters of two million ki-lograms of saccharine consumed annually in USA, is used by the soft drink bottles. The FDA is faced with a barrage of demands by industries that saccharine be allowed to stay on the market, but the administration is in no mood to relent. However, sac-charine might be redesignated as a drug rather than a food, which step would permit the chemical to be purchased on prescription. Even then, this "relabelling" can still bar the use of saccharine for its primary purpose and the industry has no hope of scoring a win.

The present ban on saccharine resembles that ordered in 1969 on another artificial sweetener, cyclamates. Cyclamates, which revolutionised the artificial swee-tener industry in mid 1950s came under a gradual ban in 1963 for the same reason. It was found to be responsible for tumour for-mation in rats. Considered a health hazard, it was phased out by 1969.

But contradictory evidence has accumulated since then, which recently prompted the principal manufacturers of cyclamates, Ab-bott Laboratories to submit a petition to the FDA seeking a revocation of the 1970 ban. The request was rejected in May last year, after reviewing an incon-clusive report of a scientific re-view committee that "present evidence does not establish the carcinogenicity of cyclamates or its principal metabolite, cyclo-chexylamine, in experimental an-imals." Arnold C. Brown, a pat-hologist of Mayo Clinic, with a team of six scientists who com-prised the US National Cancer Institute's Sub-Committee, found that the chemical and its break-down product "at worst, may be weakly carcinogenic in animals." At the same time the committee expressed concern over the extra incidence of bladder cancer — there was evidence of tumour formation in some test animals. Probably the fact that negative results got from elaborate test-ing could still be doubted, as it is impossible to prove that cycla-mates doesn't cause cancer, must have influenced the FDA deci-sion in dismissing Abbott's plea.

Saccharine may not be as large-ly consumed in India as in the USA or Canada, but considerable quantities of the chemical are manufactured and employed by processors of consumer products. It is extensively used on account of its intense sweetness (it is many hundred times sweeter than cane sugar) in the preparation of dietetic foods and confectionary, dentifrices, mouthwashes and cosmetics, in brewing and for sweetening tobacco and phar-maceutical formulations, especi-ally where the presence of sugar might lead to spoilage by fer-mentation or mould growth. More important it is recom-mended in diseases like diabetes as a low calorie sugar substitute in diets of patients who must avoid excessive sugar intake. Hence, we cannot be indifferent to the threat a sizable section of our country's consumers are exposed to as a result of its al-leged harmful effects. The least our health authorities could do is to restrict, or better still pro-hibit its use until saccharine and other synthetic sweeteners are given a clean chit after a tho-rough investigation

The untouchable toilet

In India, toilet is a dirty word. It needn't be.

Most people really treat their toilet dirty. No other room in the house gets as little attention. No room needs it more. What we choose not to see doesn't bother us at all. Well here's something that will:

A dirty toilet doesn't just look and smell unpleasant. It is unhealthy, unhygienic, even positively dangerous.

That's the plain truth. Not understated. But not exaggerated either. So perhaps you should ask yourself a question...

Is your toilet as clean as you'd like it to be?

There's only one person who need know the answer. You.

Even if you get the sweeper to clean it every morning, is he doing it as well as he should Or as quickly as possible?

If you're not happy with your answer, here's something you'll be happy to hear of... Sanifresh.

What is Sanifresh?

Sanifresh is a lavatory cleanser that does a lot of dirty work for you. Flush the toilet first.

Then sprinkle Sanifresh generously inside the toilet bowl. Give it 3-4 hours to act. Better still, leave it overnight. Then flush again. If the flush does not work, pour a bucketful of water And there, all your cleaning problems have gone too!

Sanifresh acts 3 ways:

1. Sanifresh cleans thoroughly.

It contains a highly active cleansing agent that removes the most stubborn stains. Sanifresh cleans where a brush can't even reach.

2. Sanifresh gets rid of dangerous germs.

A toilet can be a breeding ground for germs, a likely source of disease. Sanifresh gives you the kind of protection ordinary 'phenyles' cannot. So you can be absolutely sure your toilet is absolutely safe.

3. Sanifresh banishes unpleasant odours.

A toilet can smell awful. Bad ventilation traps odours and makes the problem worse. Sanifresh contains a deodorant that freshens the air and dispels odours.

How often should you use Sanifresh? Considering how important toilet cleanliness is, there's just one answer. Every single day

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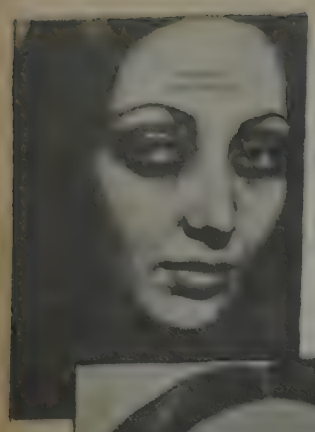

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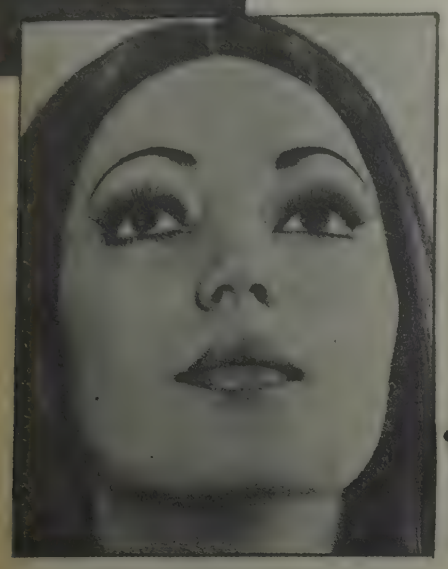

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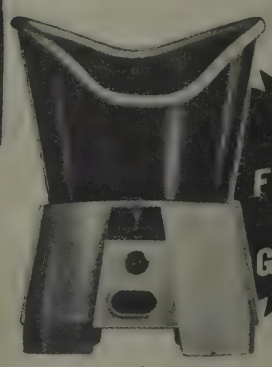

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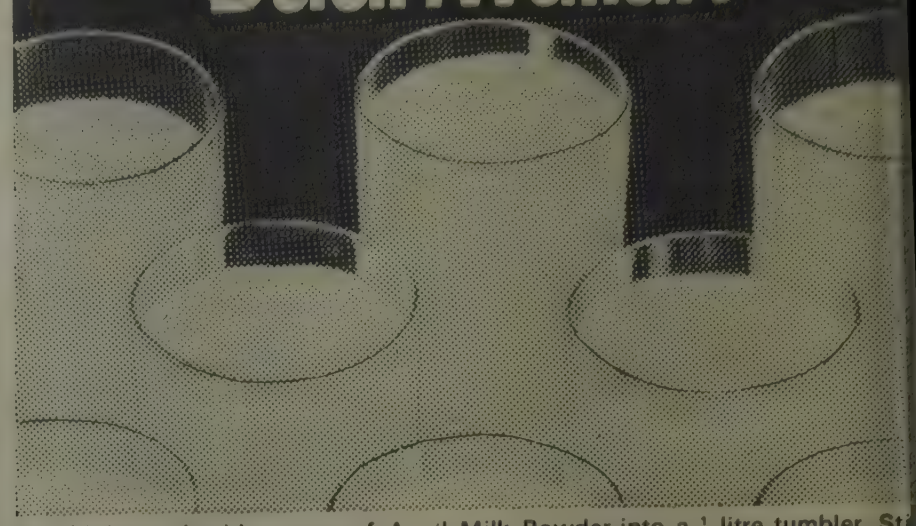

Put 2½ heaped tablespoons of Amul Milk Powder into a ¼ litre tumbler. Sti into a smooth paste with a little warm water. Add hot water up to top and sti Your child's glass of milk is ready. (For detailed instructions see tin).

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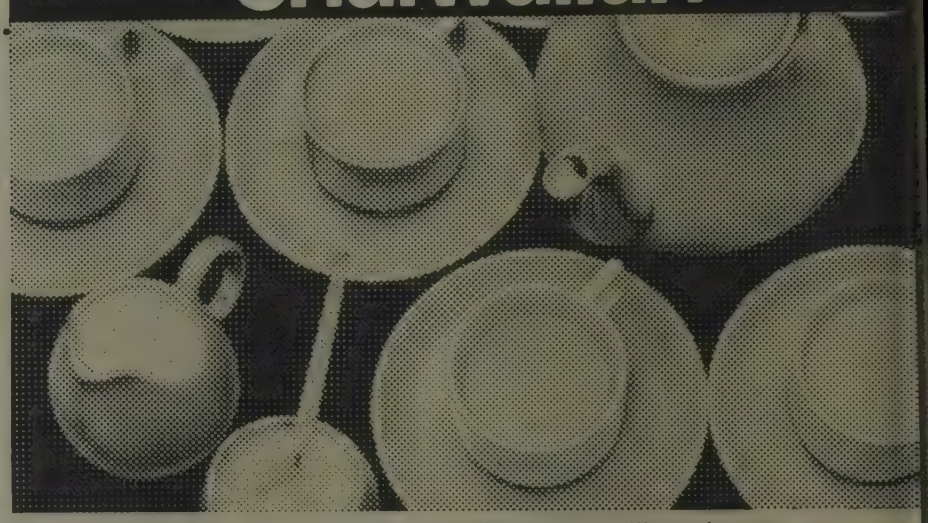

Amul Milk Powder is ideal for tea and coffee. Make milk as above.

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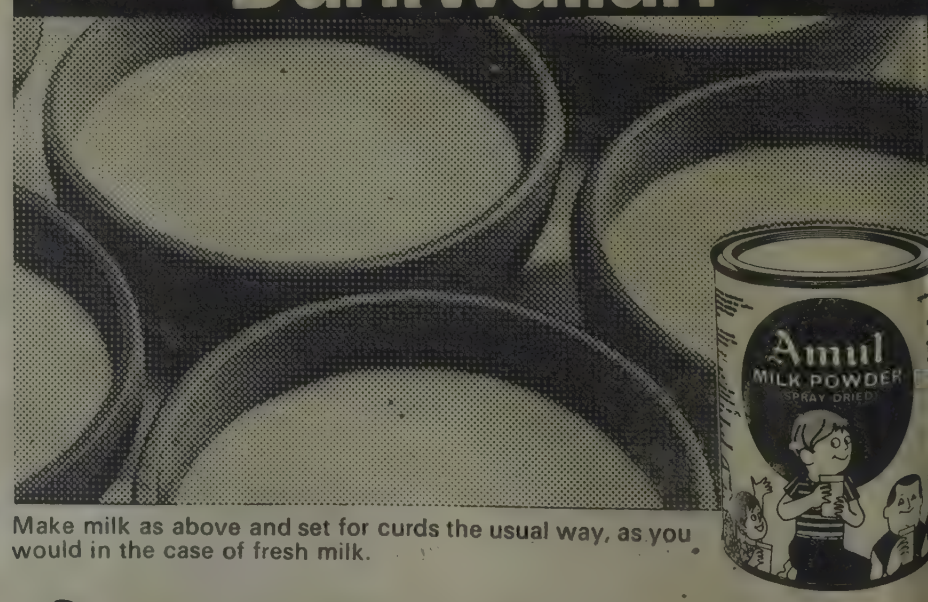

Make milk as above and set for curds the usual way, as you would in the case of fresh milk.

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WRINKLES MAR YOUR APPEARANCE

Treat your face gently and keep wrinkles at bay

Sudha Bibra

Age seems something that only catches up with other people till one day you look in the mirror — and notice the first wrinkle! Instead of spending anguished hours in front of the mirror start learning the do's and don'ts to prevent them.

The way you touch and handle your face, the pressures and motion you use, and the way you massage it or others massage it are important. If you are young, then you should learn what you can do to help retain your youthful appearance for years to come. If you are in your middle or later years, then you should aim at improving your skin. Of course the extent of improvement in each individual will vary depending on the discipline and the willingness to persist in a programme which requires daily practice and attention. Many of you will look younger while others will look better than they have in years. Your classroom can be wherever you are — in your office, at home, in a bus or a taxi.

Inheritance, a sensitive skin, worries, hard work and tension — are all contributing factors to the ageing process. So let us start with the basic question — How should you treat your face? Gently and carefully. Think of the pianist coaxing the softest tones from his piano. Get it?

If you have begun to notice sagging skin or tell-tale lines on your face, there is one thing you can be sure of — it is not going to get any better unless you do something about it. Facial exercises and facial massage can be of great help to you.

It is the condition of the facial muscles which determine whether or not the skin of the face is flabby or firm. Muscles are made up of cylindrical fibres — a single muscle may contain as few as three or as many as 165 fibres. Each fibre works independently. Therefore to tone a muscle completely, all the fibres must be used. So do not be afraid to move the muscles. The only thing to bear in mind is that you have to control the movements.

And for control you need precision instruments — your hands. They along with our brain are probably the most highly endowed parts of our anatomy.

You must be aware of the changing expressions of your face throughout the day so that they don't disfigure your delicate facial skin. This awarenese is reflected in your face. So have control and be serene and calm. This control does not mean immobility but just serenity. It does not ban expressions but merely controls expressions.

Sit in front of a mirror and start these few exercises. Do them daily followed by three to five minutes of massage, nightly.

1. Keep your face normal and relaxed, with corners of mouth slightly raised. Smile, without moving, to the count of 5. Do not move the corners of your mouth. 1-2-3-4-5.
2. Frown, without moving your eyebrows or forehead, to the count of 5.
3. Feel concern — great concern to the count of 5.
4. Feel stress. You are late for an appointment. Feel stress without moving a muscle, to the count of 5.
5. You just stubbed your big toe against a stone. Feel pain, without facial motion, to the count of 5.

When massaging treat your face gently. After cleansing it well, dab your nightly cream depending on your skin type. Start with your neck use fingers 3-4-5 and gently stroke neck upwards — right hand stroking the left side and vice versa. If your neck is flabby or you have a double chin, then give it more time. Massage gently upwards over the cheeks — never pull downwards. The only feature of your face where you can massage downwards is your nose. Again stroke the letter V gently over the brow and over the forehead 10 times more, if there are any lines.

Beauty therapist Sudha Bibra demonstrates facial massage.

FACIAL EXERCISES

Women over 30 should spend about 10-15 minutes daily exercising the facial muscles to maintain a youthful appearance and keep wrinkles at a minimum. When facial muscles sag from disuse, they create puffy areas, fat on the cheekbones and jawline and cause loose, sagging folds — all of which mar beauty.

Here are a few exercises to keep the muscles firm and supple :

Practise vigorous chewing motions to keep cheeks, chinline, jawline and all facial muscles firm.

To combat crow's feet, do this exercise. Open eyes wide and close tightly several times in succession. Blink fast a few times; shift focus on far and near objects.

Eyestrain causes squint lines, so relax your eyes whenever they are tired.

To remove creases from nose to mouth: Puff your cheeks, then open lips slightly and pretend you are blowing at a feather placed at nose level.

To erase tiny lines that often appear above the upper lip: Pull chin in, draw mouth inwards between teeth, alternating "eating your mouth" with pursing lips, thrusting chin out.

For chin up, thrust chin out and up, then pull way in.

This one will tone the muscles of the chin and jaw and keep the contours firm. Keep lips slightly closed. Then move jaw along to left, closing teeth with a deliberate click at far left. Move jaw back to centre, then along to the right similarly.

To improve blood circulation and firm jawline: Try a deep, angry frown, then break into a grin. Don't be afraid to make faces.

Move your jaws as if you were chewing gum.

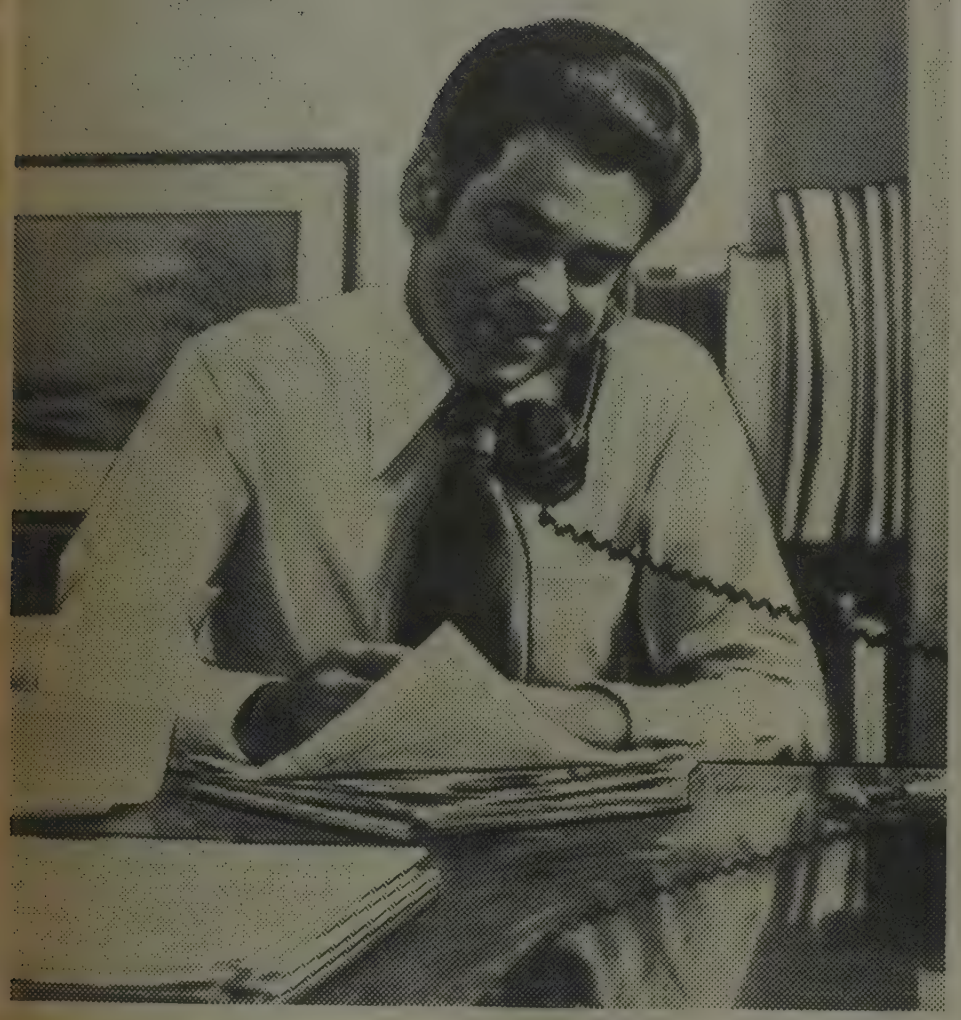
Open your mouth wide, drop your jaw, then close your mouth again.

To do away with a double chin, roll your head round in big, stretching circles.

Or press your fists under your jaw and pretend to eat in big chewy mouthfuls

R. G

CONFIDENCE IS AN EXECUTIVE ASSET



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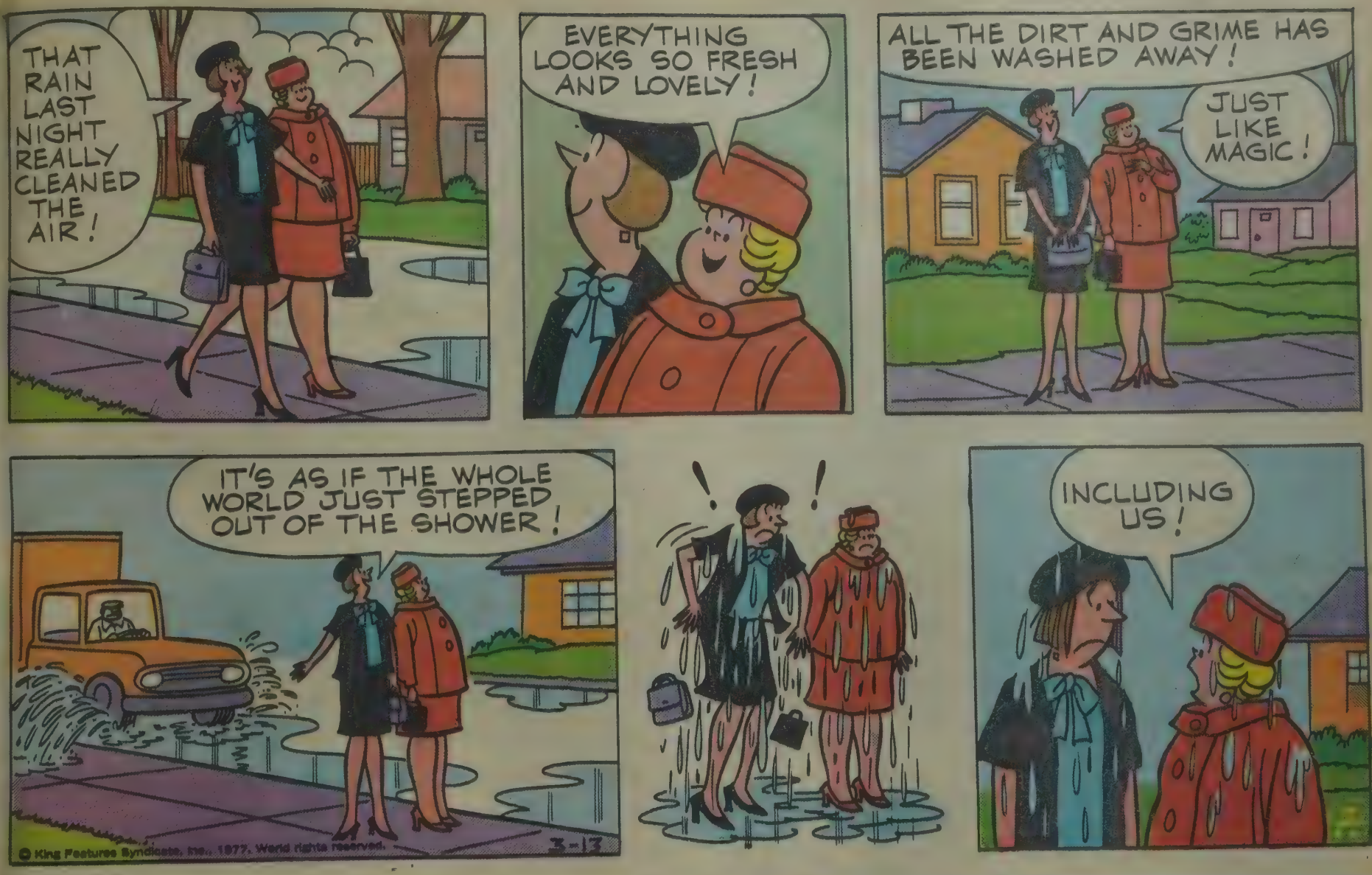
THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin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JUST LIKE MAGIC!
IT'S AS IF THE WHOLE WORLD JUST STEPPED OUT OF THE SHOWER!
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3-13

HA HA world of laughter

The Pastor: "So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly?"

Dolly (brightly): "Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from; I heard Daddy say so."

* * *

"Does the baby look like his father?"

"Oh, no. My husband would be furious."

* * *

The sweet little girl had a violent tussle with her particular chum. Her mother reprimanded her, and concluded by saying:

"It was Satan who suggested to you the pulling of Jenny's hair."

"I shouldn't be surprised," the child replied musingly, "but kicking her in the shins was entirely my own idea."

* * *

"You cannot get eggs without hens," said the speaker stressing the point.

"My dad can," piped a small voice from the rear.

"Please explain yourself, little boy," said the speaker.

"He keeps ducks," yelled the boyish voice from the rear.

* * *

The president of the local gas company was making a stirring address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun I should say, Honour the Light Brigade.'"

And a customer indignantly shouted, "Oh, what a charge they made!"

* * *

"I expect a lot of dirty work when I start my new business."

"Treachery, eh?"

"No, I'm opening a laundry."

* * *

"You say this fellow is crooked."

"He is crooked? Say, he's so crooked even the wool he pulls over your eyes is half cotton."

* * *

A lawyer acquaintance just out of college was pleading his first case. The nasty railroad company had killed twenty-four of his farmer client's hogs. The young lawyer was trying to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury.

"Imagine twenty-four hogs, gentlemen. Twenty-four! Twice the number there are in the jury box."

* * *

"Where did the car hit him?"

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

The burly foreman rose from his seat.

"Man and boy, I've lived in these parts for fifty years, "he protested ponderously, "and I have never heard of the place.'

* * *

She: "How dare you say my father is a wretch?"

He: "Well, I told him I could not live without you, and he said he'd willingly pay the funeral expenses."

* * *

Father: "Young man, it's two o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?"

Suitor: "I'll have to telephone home first."

* * *

Helen: "He told me I was the prettiest and most interesting girl he had ever met."

Aunt Irma: "And you would trust yourself for life with a man who starts to deceive you at the beginning of your engagement?"

* * *

A painter who came from Great Britain

Hailed a lady who sat with her knitain.

He remarked with a sigh

"That park bench — well I

Just painted it right where you're sitain."

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

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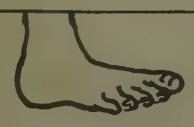
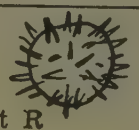
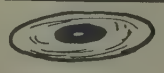
PUZZLES FOR JUNIORS

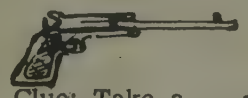
HOW SPORTING ARE YOU?

Guess the following sports and games :

1.  + BALL

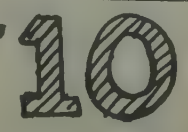
2. MARA + 
Clue : Take out R

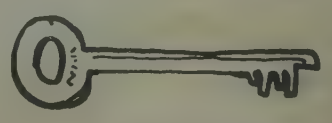
3.  + US
Clue : Play it for music

4.  + PUT
Clue: Take a — at a bird

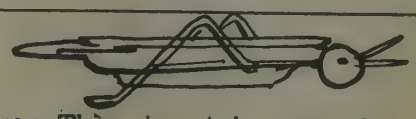
5. + BALL

6. + ERY

7.  + NIS

8. HOC + 

9. + ING

10. 
Clue : This insect is a popular game.

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

Omphy-Momphy had a pet dog.

The dog was much smaller than Omphy-Momphy. But his ears were much longer than Omphy-Momphy's ears. Omphy-Momphy's ears were small in size and pink in colour. The dog's ears were so long that they reached the ground. Once Omphy-Momphy had tried to see the colour of his dog's ears but all he could see was a lot of golden hair all over the ears. Omphy-Momphy wished he too had long ears with golden hair on them. Then he could have flapped his ears at everyone!

Omphy-Momphy liked his dog very much because he could play all day with him —and never pick a fight!

The dog would roll over on his back and wave his small legs in the air. He would bark "Bow-wow" at Omphy-Momphy and wag his tail. Whenever his dog said, "Bow-wow," Omphy-Momphy also said, "Bow-wow." As yet his dog could understand only doggy language, said Omphy-Momphy. But every day Omphy-Momphy would sit and speak with his dog. He would say "Hello", "No" and "Yes" to his dog. He was teaching his dog all that he learnt in class.

One day when Omphy-Momphy took his dog for a walk he saw a little boy walking with his father. The boy's father had a big brown dog on a chain. Omphy-Momphy stared at the dog. He was a very, very big dog. Much bigger than Omphy-Momphy's dog. Much bigger than Omphy-Momphy too!

Omphy-Momphy stood and stared. "Hello," said the boy and his father as they came near Omphy-Momphy.

"Grrr!" said the big brown dog.

Omphy-Momphy took a step back. Omphy-Momphy's dog also took a step back.

"You have a nice dog," said the little boy. "It is all goldy-goldy in colour."

"You have a very big dog," said Omphy-Momphy.

"My dog is an Alsation," said the little boy.

"A — what?" asked Omphy-Momphy.

"An Alsation," said the boy's father, "is the name given to all dogs who look like this one."

"Al-say-shun," said Omphy-Momphy.

"That's right," said the boy's father.

"Is your dog's name long because he is so big?" asked Omphy-Momphy.

The little boy's father laughed. "Even your dog is known by a long name," he said. "All dogs with long golden hair and long ears and small bodies — like your dog — are called Cocker-spaniels."

Omphy-Momphy could not repeat the name. It was too long! But he liked the name.

"Our dog is a 'she'," said the little boy.

Omphy-Momphy stared at the big dog. "My dog is a 'he' — like me," he said.

"My dog's real name in Rani," said the little boy. "It means a queen. What is your dog's name?"

Omphy-Momphy was quiet for a moment. He had not given his dog any real name, so far.

"My dog is called Raja," he said suddenly.

"Hey!" said the boy. "Isn't that fun! Raja and Rani!"

"Yes," agreed Omphy-Momphy. He was very pleased with the new name for his dog.

"We will see you tomorrow," said the boy and his father. Rani barked "Woof".

"Bye!" said Omphy-Momphy, taking his dog home. When he saw his house he began to run. His dog ran much faster than Omphy-Momphy.

"Well done Raja — Cocka-Sp — !" said Omphy-Momphy, happily. "You have a big long name! Just wait till Mama and Papa hear about it!"

ANSWERS TO : HOW SPORTING ARE YOU?

1. FOOTBALL
2. MARATHON
3. DISCUS
4. SHOTPUT
5. BASKET BALL
6. ARCHERY
7. TENNIS
8. HOCKEY
9. BOXING
10. CRICKET

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

B. Prabha

a genre for self-expression

THE FEMALE NUDE

S. I. Clerk

The female nude has been painted by male artistes down the centuries. In the hands of female painters — a very new phenomenon — it acquires a totally different meaning.

The rapport between the artist and the model could be the closest here. The artist may discover a deeper significance out of her very own body. Hence, a study of a woman artist painting a female nude is a very absorbing subject.

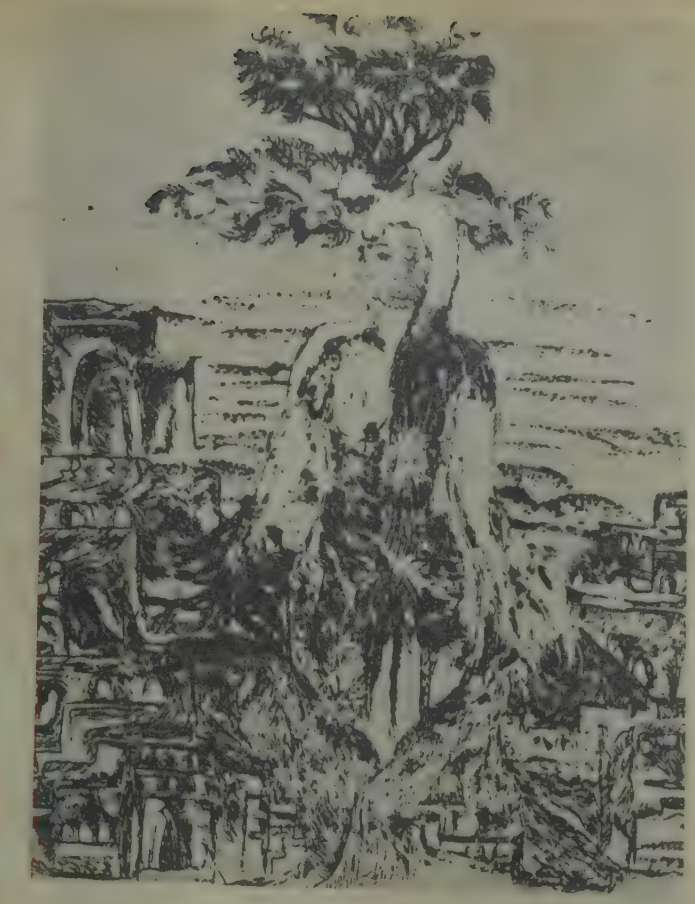
In India this trend can be traced to Amrita Sher-Gil (1913-1941). She was bold enough to break several taboos and barriers (this applied to her life too) and brought about in the country a revolution in art. She introduced the Paris of those days to our artists. She did several academic studies of male and female nudes mainly in charcoal, from 1930-1940. Some of the outstanding paintings of this period are Professional Model (1933), a portrait of a middle-aged nude woman, two girls (1939), Nude (1938) Women at Bath (1940), Nude Group (1935). Of more important is her nude self-portrait (1934) which is Tahitienne and reveals Gauguin as the source of inspiration.

Continuing the same trend but each in their own style are a handful of women: among them B. Prabha, Ila Pal, Lalitha Lajmi and Shakuntala Kulkarni (nee Murdeshwar).

B. Prabha has been painting

Lalitha Lajmi

The peculiar rapport between the subject and the artist makes the female nude painted by a woman artist a fascinating study.



Ila Pal

nudes since the past six-seven years. Since having painted models during her training at the Sir J. J. School of Art, she has had no models — but has painted from memory. On the surface her approach is lyrical and narrative. Her lines are sensual and one may feel an element of design in them. Actually, she strives to render an idyllic effect through the variously poised female nudes.

Besides individual studies, she has done a number of series: woman and bird, woman and child. On a yet deeper level, she is absorbed in Maya in woman—woman as creator and her different facets ending ultimately as Maya. The different aspects of the concept of Maya fascinate Prabha. Being a woman herself, Prabha seeks self-expression in the female nude.

She started concentrating on female nudes on her return from world tour. She instinctively felt like using the genre as a vehicle to express her thoughts and emotions. She feels the female nude best symbolizes a pristine innocence — the search for which forms a vital aspect of her art.

Her painting done in 1970 reproduced above (courtesy Air India International) depicts a nude woman sitting on a dead tree trunk with a snake in the foreground and young trees in the mid-distance. The dark brown body of the elongated sitting woman symbolizes youth (echoed in the trees in the mid-distance) and sex (echoed by the snake in the foreground). The trunk represents death. The expression of the large eyes of the woman imparts a mystical quality to the painting.

On a technical level, the artist's use of the dark greens and browns magnificently balanced by the orange in the background, reveal her mastery over her palette. This is a truly outstanding female nude painting, both conceptwise and techniquewise—one which reveals the artist at her peak. Today it hangs in the foyer of the 22nd floor of the Air India building at Nariman Point.

Lalitha Lajmi used to paint female nude models, but now she prefers to work from memory. Essentially, she is fascinated by the contours of the female nude body which she feels is deeply expressive of the varied emotions. She also expresses the concepts of procreativity through the female nude. Currently, she is occupied with juxtaposing the female nude with a mask — she is working on a painting portraying a female nude holding a mask in her hands. The mask with its dramatic content when associated with the female nude can portray some of the deeper human emotions in the most dynamic manner, resulting in a profound impact on the viewer.

Through a significant juxtaposition of the female nude and the mask — both universalized through the non-specific faces — Lalitha Lajmi says she is striving to express the inner conflict of a woman. In the process she veers towards an expression of morbidity, even death.

Her drawings are forceful. Her colours are sombre and hence perhaps one feels a sort of a warmth in her paintings.

Ila Pal in her female nudes strives to establish a co-relationship between nature and the human form. Such an attempt may be observed in her drawing of tree emerging out of a woman's body. In the social context, she feels that the individual identity of a woman is lost. She is a mother, sister, daughter, wife, mistress, but all the time, she is owned/controlled by some male — son, brother, father, husband, lover. She is thus unable to express or

Continued on page 43

Anjolie Ela Menon

Women Sheriffs

Though officially the sheriff's is a purely ceremonial office, a British hangover which consists of entertaining VIPs, it can be made meaningful by those who hold it

Asha N. Vora

The appointment of sheriffs in Bombay, Madras and Calcutta is one of the few remnants of old British practices. The appointment is made by the state Governor for a period of one year in recognition of a person's work and achievement in certain fields. Originally the sheriff was the chief executive officer of the court. He served, executed and returned all the processes and warrants issued by the high court and the city civil court. But today it is largely a ceremonial office.

The exact origin of the sheriff's office is not known, yet a record containing the list of sheriffs since 1896 has been maintained. As the record shows, the sheriff's office was a monopoly of men till 1947. A change in this came with Independence when Mrs. Mithan J. Lam was appointed the first woman sheriff of Bombay.

"Well, as the first lady being appointed to this office, I was overjoyed," said the 79-year-old lady. She was also the first Indian woman to become a barrister and the first Indian woman to be allowed to practise before a chartered High Court. At the time of her appointment as sheriff Mrs. Lam was the president of the Maharashtra State Women's Council (MSWC). "It was a great honour not only to me but also to womanhood," recalled Mrs. Lam. Contrary to the present Prime Minister's much publicised recent statement on women, she recalled that "this honour came to me because of Mr. Morarji Desai who was the then Chief Minister of Bombay. It being the first year of independence, 1947 was an interesting period."

Exactly after ten years (1957) another woman was honoured with this office — again a MSWC president, Mrs. Gulestan Billimoria. And then after a lapse of another 15 years came the turn of Mrs. Mahboob Nasrullah, the 1972 president of MSWC. "When I became the sheriff people were very curious as they thought I was the first woman sheriff," said Mrs. Nasrullah, "because they did not recollect a woman holding this post."

Mithan Lam

Gulestan Billimoria

Mahboob Nasrullah

It may be noted that since independence only five women have been appointed to this office. What could be the reason for this small number? "Women can be conveniently forgotten," felt Mrs. Nasrullah. "As a matter of fact, in the old days, not much attention was paid to women," stated Mrs. Billimoria. "It was the International Women's Year that gave a fillip to women's rights and since then they have started getting importance," she said. Illustrating her statement she pointed out how two women have been appointed women sheriffs in successive years — Mrs. Leela Moolgaokar in 1976 and Dr. (Mrs.) Anjana Magar, the present sheriff.

As mentioned earlier, the sheriff is the chief executive officer of the High Court. But the powers are delegated to the deputy sheriff. Then what does the sheriff do? Is the sheriff merely a ceremonial head?

"Though this is true to a certain extent, it depends on how one takes it up," says Gulestan Billimoria. "The office can be used to help the poor," feels Dr. Magar. She believes the honour came to her purely in recognition of her child welfare work. Mrs. Magar has planned a joint project with various social service organisations to deal with the problems of destitution and delinquency in their respective areas.

"Actually there is no work for the sheriff unless one finds it oneself," stated Mrs. Moolgaokar. During her shrievalty she made efforts to improve conditions in jails, made arrangements for a lady doctor to visit women patients in jails, persuaded Government to provide separate accommodation for women political prisoners and common women criminals. Four new units of lavatories for women prisoners were built up at her request and a cold water unit was set up for the prisoners.

Mrs. Lam recollected her refugee relief work during 1946-47 and her visits as sheriff to the villlagers whose relations had lost their lives in the 1947 ship disaster. As the President of MSWC she took the initiative to improve the lot of slum dwellers. "It was many years ago, you see," she recalled. "It was war time, people in slums were without lights, they used oil lamps and kerosene was also scarce at that time. After some efforts we were able to bring electricity to the slums."

As she remembers it there were about 19,000 people in the Dharavi slums alone in 1947. Apart from her social work, Mrs. Lam had toured and lectured to audiences in England and Scotland on Indian women's franchise.

It is worth nothing that the deputy sheriff was not provided a separate table and phone in the office till 1972. Mrs. Nasrullah felt this embarrassing when she took charge of the office and she succeeded in providing a separate table and phone for her deputy.

Mrs. Moolgaokar, who has done so much work for the blood bank during the last 21 y thinks she has done enough it. She plans to take up lep work now. In her early si now, she feels that with 24 h to a day, there is ample tim work for the betterment of man lives. "I have been fool lot in my life by those who so my help," she says, but w out any trace of bitterness, even today, no one returns jected from her door.

She also feels that Governm should give the sheriff mo constructive work than mere entertaining VIPs. Ex-sheri can actively participate in sch mes like collection of funds f beggars, rehabilitation of lepe and delinquents.

A sheriff's duties mainly co prise receiving VIPs, presidi over functions and calling pu lic meetings on important issu (such as famine, death of eminent personality, etc). Ho do they feel after having serv in such a prominent public o fice for one year? Here are t different replies:

"I will tell you frankly," sa Mrs. Moolgaokar, "receiving t VIPs was a sheer bore and never miss at all that part of m public life." During her sh evalty Mrs. Moolgaokar had on mentioned that she was asked do all kinds of odd jobs aft becoming a sheriff. When ask about those odd jobs she said s was expected to speak on a subject even if she did not ha the faintest knowledge of it. had to do a lot of home work f such assignments," she rema ed.

Dr. Anjana Magar is a me cal practitioner and chairman the Children's Aid Society. addition to this work now s has to spare two hours a we to listen to public grievan and receiving of VIPs. She fe that when her turn is over, s will have quite enough work keep her busy.

As for Mrs. Nasrullah, "It has made no change for me, "she said. "As a socal worker, I am always busy."

Even today, Mrs. Billimoria works for 25 to 30 social organisations. She has been in the field of social work for over 35 years now. She is the president of the United Women's Organization and the Sir Ratan Tata Industrial Insitution which gives employment to needy women. "My work is so much that I have no time

# of Bombay

Leela Moolgoakar

Dr. Anjana Magar

to feel bored," she said. After a hectic day an evening at the Willingdon Club is her favourite pastime.

Mrs. Lam echoed the same feeling. "As a sheriff I felt neither useful nor more important. I have gone back to the old work."

Is just one year of shrievalty sufficient for implementing the ideas and plans they might have about improving the quality of life in Bombay?

Mrs. Leela Moolgaokar did not see the problem that way at all. She actually felt it was a waste of time. "The one year was more than sufficient for me" she said. "I did not want to become a sheriff at all. I prefer to work among the poor and go to villages. Instead of that as a sheriff you are expected to attend parties and entertain guests."

To Mrs. Mahboob Nasrullah shrievalty was an opportunity to meet different people. She enjoyed every minute of her turn as sheriff. As far as any project's implementation is concerned, she said, "You have to get your ideas accepted by the people who can get them executed." For example, the idea of constructing drinking water fountains in the city which she had conceived during her shrievalty has taken concrete shape now.

The other three women believe this office is just an honour and a vestige of British rule. But they agree that the office is what the holder makes it. "Mrs. Moolgaokar did a wonderful job and so does Mrs. Magar," remarked Mrs. Lam.

Mr. Kondaskar, who has served as deputy sheriff under 12 sheriffs remarked, "From my experience I can say women will do more justice to this office." He was all praise for Mrs. Moolgaokar's work. Perhaps women are able to devote more time to social problems. This was confirmed by a former sheriff.

"For men, their business comes first and they value the office as an opportunity to build up their business contacts. I have heard people are prepared even to pay money to become sheriffs, but I do not know how far it is true," he alleged.

The sheriff's office is today a privilege of the rich. "Throwing banquets at the Taj for VIPs is not feasible for the common man," Mr. Kondaskar observed. In Madras the two or three women who achieved this office were business women, observed Mrs. Billimoria.

It was Mrs. Leela Moolgaokar who suggested the sanctioning of a certain amount so that ordinary people can aspire to this office. As a result the Government has now agreed to sanction Rs. 5,000 a year as car allowances and honorarium for the sheriff.

The honour conferred on these five women has been well deserved and it is also a recognition of the progress Indian women have made. The British tradition may go on for years to come. But the sheriff's office can be made more useful. The honour of the office and the remuneration that now goes with it must be justified by real efforts to improve the lot of the citizen. It would be otherwise meaningless to continue this vestige of British rule.

DARK CORRIDOR

Continued from page 11

talked things over with her and with Hugh Aylmer, he was as baffled as they were. "It seems incredible," he said. "Are you quite sure that you have all the facts right?" Corrie assured him that every word she had told him about the meeting arranged here between Martin and herself was true.

The manager took them to his private office. Hugh asked Corrie if she would rather be alone but she wanted him to stay with her. Liz's brother—so kind and gentle —gave her some confidence, and she had never needed it more. The manager telephoned the hospital. When he put down the receiver, he turned to Corrie. "Nobody has been brought in, no one who has not been named. So that should reassure you. I will now speak to the police."

"Nothing —not a thing. There has been no report of any kind— no body has been found of any unidentified person here in Funchal since this morning, mademoiselle."

"Body!!" Corrie gulped and looked so ghastly that Hugh reached out and took her hand. "Okay, Corrie don't let the word upset you. It's just routine questioning. After all, they have got to consider every eventuality."

Before the manager bade Corrie good night, he reaffirmed his intention of doing all he could to help her tomorrow. He even added a few words of comfort which in fact he didn't really believe himself. "Monsieur will come back, mademoiselle. You will see. There will be some simple explanation." She did not go to bed. She knew she could not sleep. She had the key to Martin's room and so wandered between the two bedrooms, finally settling in an armchair in Martin's room.

She closed her eyes a moment, then opened the window and looked out. "Martin, Martin, where are you?" she groaned. After the long hours of worry and effort she was so exhausted that at last she returned to her own room and drifted into sleep. Inevitably the old dreaded nightmare pursued her. She woke screaming and did not sleep again that night.

At half past six in the morning Corrie stopped even trying to sleep, put on a dressing-gown and drew her curtains. She caught sight of her face as she passed a mirror and shivered at the sight. She had never looked worse, she thought. But who cared? She cared about nothing except that Martin had not come back to the hotel and for the moment he seemed to be inexplicably, hopelessly lost to her. Nothing could comfort her or allay her anxiety.

She bathed, put on white slacks and shirt and with a yellow cardigan over her shoulders unlocked the door of Martin's bedroom. The shutters were drawn. It was still dark in here. She felt a great lump in her throat. How empty and desolate it seemed. It was too early for breakfast. She went downstairs and walked out into the sunshine and along the road in the direction of the town.

The early morning wind was a little too cool. She soon returned to the hotel where there was now more activity—carpets being cleaned, furniture polished. She asked if her breakfast could be served to her downstairs. If so, she would have it in the sun on the sheltered terrace. They assured her it would be no trouble.

Before she finished breakfast, Hugh Aylmer joined her. "I'm not going to ask if you slept well, I'm sure you didn't," he said, and, putting his stick down, sat in a basket chair beside her. "But I hope you had some sort of rest."

"I'm okay."

"I've done nothing. I feel helpless," he said sadly.

"Nevertheless you help."

"Liz will be glad to hear from you."

It all seemed even more unreal once the Portuguese Inspector of Police arrived on the scene. He was courteous and out to help, even if a little on the officious side. He spoke very good English. He accepted a cigarette from Hugh, and tapping his foot gently with a silver headed cane, concentrated on Corrie.

"Please tell me everything you can of this unfortunate matter, Mees—er—Gilroy," he said.

She answered his questions. "If you do not mind, Mees Gilroy, I would like to go through his luggage. We might discover some leetle thing to enlighten us. I will also have with us my assistant, who is waiting in the lounge."

Corrie exchanged glances with Hugh who said, "That would be in order."

The Inspector eyed Hugh, then Corrie.

"He is Mr. Aylmer, an old family friend," said Corrie. Corrie unlocked the door of Martin's bedroom. As expected, he found nothing but Martin's dark suit, obviously meant to be worn for dinner, some underwear, socks and handkerchiefs and two pairs of shoes—one black patent, one dark blue canvas. Also a pair of blue-and-white striped bathing trunks. These the Inspector pulled out and showed to Corrie. "So —forgive me if I speak brutally —he is not likely to be found drowned unless he had an accident and fell from the cliff." Corrie changed colour. She caught her breath.

The Inspector found nothing belonging to Martin that was of any interest to him. Then he turned his attention to the black attache case on the armchair.

To be continued

THE SEASON'S NEWEST !

Making a fair bid to become fashion's top favourite this coming season is a gay, young look in cottons. We've selected only the finest, the newest, and the nicest from the wonderful world of cottons and, believe me, the values are also terrific. Soft in texture and elegant in appeal, they go through wash and wear with unimpaired flair and are suitable for any occasion. And if you love cottons, you're going to love these wonderful new creations as much as we do! So, here's your chance to be totally different and attractive in exotic ensembles — caftans, maxis, jumpsuits and, of course, not forgetting our debonair gentleman, a combination-suit which he can show off!

3

Cheers for all! The gentleman dons a pair of black cotton-synthetic trousers and a white and black safari coat; while a lilting floral maxi in red and green has the yoke and sleeves banded in green; and dynamite dots in navy blue and red make things happen and spark in a simple caftan in dots cleverly displayed.

Now's the time for an upbeat look! A mustard and white designed stripes makes a sporty jumpsuit with a snap of diagonal striped pockets; while gentle simplicity keeps you cool in this diagonal green, mustard and black flared skirt and an off-shoulder top banded in green.

Wow! Look at you now in that cute, two-piece travellers! An unusual red and white dotted kamiz has a salwar with a matching border. For him a navy blue striped and bordered red and white bush shirt is worn with navy blue trousers; while a blue and white printed salwar-kamiz set is enchantingly designed.

y: Piramal Spg. & Wvg. Mills Ltd., Bombay.
Hotel President, Bombay.
raphs : Farokh Reporter.

true confession

BELIEVE ME, I AM INNOCENT

Rupa died a year back. Next week it will be exactly one year. I still hear her innocent laughter, see her running around merrily, fondling little Divya, but I also see her bloated body, lying with its wet, matted hair on the sand, a horrible change from the happy girl, so talented, so full of promise, so full of charm. Oh! how I long for this memory to be erased from my mind so that I can have a little peace but she always enters my thoughts to haunt me.

"Time is a great healer," I have heard people say. It may be very true but one year has not healed the pain in my heart, the guilt in my mind. The mental agony lingers on. Probably guilt never eases. It lingers on and on to make the "time" therapy ineffective.

But, why, oh why, do I have to hold myself responsible for Rupa's death? It was an accident I did not, could not, foresee. I can swear I did not hope for it. I really loved her, but a wretched thing somewhere inside me wants me to confess that my love was diluted with jealousy and neglect. My conscience pricks me constantly, insisting that she died because of my carelessness. Had I shown the care and caution of a real mother she would not have drowned. She would still be with us, my conscience insists. Had I not left her on the sea-shore during the high tide unescorted and unattended. I did err, my heart cannot deny this. Rupa was my step-daughter. She was a cute little three-year-old when I was married to her father Vinod. Usha, her mother had died of complications during her second delivery. Vinod was just 32 then.

Vinod was my brother's friend. The limp in my leg, the legacy of a fracture from an accidental fall in my childhood, was the cause of my being unmarried in my twenty-seventh year. I was lucky I had a teacher's job to keep me occupied, but my parents were unhappy to see me an ageing maid. My marriage occupied topmost priority in their lives.

Vinod therefore seemed to them the best proposition I could hope for and he needed a wife to take care of his home and three-year-old child. He agreed readily to the marriage when my brother sounded him, but on one condition. Rupa his daughter, would return from her granny's house to live with us. This was a reasonable demand.

Rupa's beauty really justified her name. Petal-smooth, fair complexion, rosy cheeks, silky soft hair, thin red lips and a cute little nose. She was a lovable, chubby child. When I saw her, I knew I could never be the conventional cruel step-mother to her. On the other hand I became a tender and loving mother to Rupa. Rupa too accepted me as her mother and there was no problem of adjustment, even initially.

Life was smooth and enjoyable. Vinod loved and respected me for recapturing his lost domestic happiness. And he was grateful to me for looking after Rupa so well. Soon we had an addition to our family — our little Divya. Rupa was literally thrilled. She fussed over Divya with all her childish enthusiasm.

My happiness however was not all full. Now I felt a cold lump of hostility growing in my heart because, in spite of all my efforts, I could not ignore the difference in complexion and facial features between the two girls.

Vinod had been wonderful. He had never spoken in praise of Usha or even about her, but whenever I saw Divya and Rupa together, I felt the sting of inferiority about

my own mediocre looks. Till then, I never thought about the charms of my predecessor.

As time passed, I could hear friends, neighbours and even relatives commenting, sometimes spontaneously and sometimes deliberately, on the difference between the two. I wanted no comparisons but they were made to lacerate my heart. I wished Divya had been a boy, I could have laughed off comparisons then. But she was a girl and the truth was as plain as my Divya.

Rupa had joined a nursery school. She was intelligent and did well in her class. At the end of the year they had Parents' Day. Rupa was selected for the Fairy Dance as she was to play the fairy queen because of her beautiful face and graceful figure.

Vinod and I attended the function. It was a well-organised, well-presented and a well-performed show and Rupa looked every inch a fairy queen. Claps thundered as the packed hall watched her dance and glide

She was bright, beautiful, a happy child. I was jealous, yes, but my feelings were not malignant

gracefully among a dozen other fairies. We both clapped proudly with the other spectators; it was as much a feast to the eyes as to the heart, till Vinod said, "Usha would have been so happy to see this; she too was a talented dancer in her college days."

I know Vinod did not mean to hurt me. It was a spontaneous comment, natural too. And had he known what it did to me he would not have said it, but the words pierced my heart. I had accepted Rupa and treated her as my daughter. Then why this remembrance of Usha? Didn't I deserve thanks for the effort and labour I had put in to stitch Rupa that pretty fairy dress? Had I refused in stepmotherly fashion to spend full fifty rupees for the expensive material? Had I not laboured over the glittering crown and wand? Why couldn't he thank me for those at the moment of our shared pride in Rupa? I felt bitterly hurt and tears sparkled in my eyes which I hastily wiped off before he could notice them.

Now one cruel fact was brought home to me. All of Rupa's accomplishments would always be attributed to Usha. Rupa was the living glory of that dead soul, nothing to me. Her beauty and talent would be acclaimed as an inheritance from her mother. There would be no compliment to my bringing her up, to my efforts. I felt defeated, even resentful and the twinge of jealousy which I had often felt but had always managed to shrug off now took root in my heart malignant. It saddened me to think of the victory of Usha over me.

Time passed. It was strange that I was at a time jealous of a child one fourth my age. Rupa showed all promise of blossoming into a radiant beauty. "She will be slaughter of all male hearts, once she is in her teens,"

those who saw her declared. But what about my Divya? "Poor child, she will be a prey to inferiority complex, always overshadowed by Rupa," I worried. Suddenly Divya's future seemed to me to be the only aim of my life.

It was the summer vacation in 1975. Usha's brother was getting married. Rupa's grandmother sent an invitation to us to attend the marriage and requested that Rupa should be allowed to spend her holidays with her cousins after the wedding was over. I did not anticipate then what a difference this would make to Rupa. Vinod and she went to Meerut to attend the wedding. Vinod returned alone after five days.

Little had I imagined that people thrive on creating trouble and unhappiness, on malicious tales, on putting one against another. When she retured she had gained the horrid knowledge that I was not her real mother but only a step-mother. She was tutored not to "slave" herself over looking after Divya. My refusal to buy her a bar of chocolate every time she went out with me had a different meaning now. She had ceased to be the sweet, affectionate girl she had been.

I wanted to be nice to her. I tried hard. God knows, but I could not pierce the barrier she had thrown between us. Oh, how much simpler it is to be a mother than to be a step-mother! One can scold or even thrash one's own child, with nobody calling you a bad woman, but a raised hand or a harsh word to a step-child becomes a major crime.

I resented the new tutoring Rupa had received at her grand-mother's place. I wanted to bring her up as my own child but the world interfered — including the neighbours — forgetting that it was I who was responsible for her upbringing.

The result was coldness — coldness on both sides. Rupa learnt to speak back and I learnt to neglect her. The strong bond of love I had succeeded in establishing during her innocent years had been broken.

Vinod too noticed the change. He often scolded Rupa for her behaviour, which only made things worse. He requested me to be more tolerant towards her till she was mature enough to judge for herself. He was confident love always wins, little knowing what poisoned tongues can achieve.

But destiny had an altogether different game to play. Last year one of my old friends had come from Bhopal, along with her two children — Bunty and Chintu. Vinod was out on tour in Baroda. It was a Sunday morning. I decided to take my friend and the children to Juhu for a picnic. We were joined by another friend.

Juhu beach was fantastic. The weather and breeze were superb. We were having an absolutely wonderful time. It was great talking of the good old college days. Later, we decided to have bhel. The children refused the offer as they preferred ice-cream.

Rupa was happily walking ankle deep in the surf, while Bunty and Chintu were making castles in the sand. I took Divya with me and called to Rupa to come away from the water and join Bunty and Chintu on the sand, but did not wait to see instructions complied with.

We were having bhel when we heard some people scream and shout, saw some persons running to the water, saw some commotion. Bunty and Chintu shrieked aloud and it was then that I knew Rupa had been swept off by the waves. I ran towards the beach, maddened by the thought of the accident and begged the people nearby to swim after her. Dry sobs were wracking my chest as I begged and wept.

Onlookers had a dig at our having bhel when leaving a young girl to play in the sea. They sneered at my tears! I knew my negligence was unforgivable.

I was pierced by everybody's glances. I longed for a wave to rise and sweep me away too.

Four hours later, her body was found. I did not know how to face Vinod and tell him of the tragedy. But I had to return home and then inform him, face him.

Days rolled by. I wonder if anybody could understand the anguish in my heart. My wound could not be displayed for fear of being branded as "acting." But Vinod was wonderful. After a few days of desolate silence, he accepted the tragedy and soon succeeded in forgetting the sorrow.

But to this day, I feel heavy and weighed down by the feeling of guilt. Many may not believe me — but I want to tell them — I was not bad at heart. I meant her no ill. I loved her, I miss her.

A BROKEN TOY

I was deprived of a complete, fulfilled relationship, yet again

The steamer sounded its horn. The passengers were all on board. There was a loud hustle on the deck with all the bon-voyages, good-byes, some happy, excited, some sad. The people were waving out to the crowds ashore.

My eyes filled with tears, overcome by sadness. I waved out to one person who was just like a broken toy to me. . .

The steamer chugged along slowly, my thoughts were perturbed, filled with memories of the not-so-distant past.

I had, during my annual college holidays, visited my aunt in Goa. The plane touched the runway and I could feel the warm air. I had come to Goa, the green land of music to mend my broken heart.

A few days after my arrival, my aunt hosted a party in my honour. It was there that I met him. I was serving drinks to the guests when I stumbled with the tray in my hands and if it hadn't been for his masculine hands, I would have fallen flat on the ground along with the tray. "Here, let me help you with the glasses," he said. I looked at him with searching eyes and then, he asked, "You are new to this town?" I nodded. "Well, then could I show you around town?" he asked. A little reluctantly, I agreed. Actually, I couldn't resist those steel grey eyes, the dark curly hair, his attractive face.

He introduced himself as Siddiqui. We spent the entire evening dancing together, laughing, talking and enjoying ourselves. It was such a relief to forget Donald. Donald and myself had been engaged for sometime, but our marriage was not to be for Donald was tragically killed in a motor accident. I was in a state of a shock for a long time. I couldn't get over the tragedy. Donald's memory had never been completely eradicated from my mind. He had been the only man so far who had really loved me.

Hoping I'd get over it, I came to Goa. Why, I wondered, while dancing with Siddiqui, did I suddenly have to recapitulate the past? I was brought down to earth with a sudden jolt when I heard him say, "A penny for your thoughts. You seemed to be far away in a world of your own. How about sharing your mysterious thoughts with me?" I gave him a smile and concentrated on my dancing. After a few dances, we sat out and Sidd, as his friends called him, was a most patient listener. The topic of conversation was mostly general and when he spoke I was fascinated by his voice. It was hard to say good-night to him.

The following day he came to take me out in the morning, sightseeing. We spent a lot of time at the Mira Mar beach. Like little children we romped about in the cool waters. By this time, I found myself head over heels in love with him, but I wasn't sure about his feelings. The hours just seemed to fly.

The next day was like the previous one, spent in Sidd's company. He was so attentive and paid me such beautiful compliments. We were strongly attracted to one another, or so I thought.

One day Sidd took me to a place in Panjim, known before as "Kampala", a place for lovers. We were touring the place when he caught hold of my hand firmly and pulled me into his arms. Placing his lips on mine he said, "I love you, my darling. I have never cared in this way for any one before." I believed him.

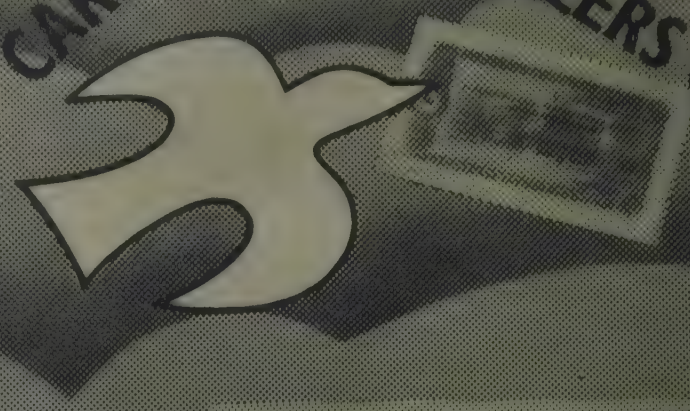
Thereafter we went everywhere together. I expected so much from our friendship. I've always been impatient and for this I suffered a great deal. One day I decided to talk to Sidd about getting married, but the answer I received from him was unbelievable: "You know Smita since you brought up this topic I must make myself clear. Let's face facts. You and I belong to two different communities — Hindu and Muslim. Do you think that our society will permit this? Let's part as friends — think of me as a broken toy in your life."

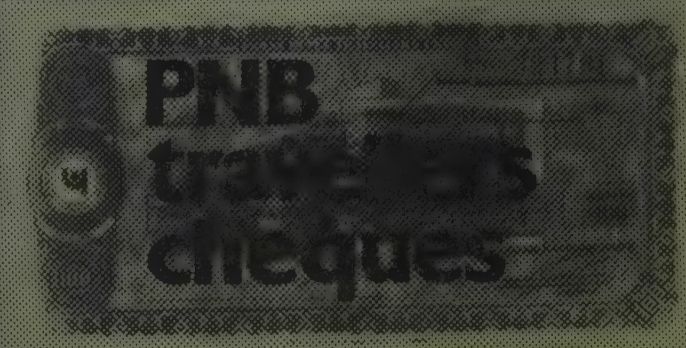
I was struck dumb, blinded by tears I sped homewards. The only thing I could do was to escape from Goa.

I caught the earliest steamer back home. He came to see me off. Despondently, thinking of little else but my broken toy, I entered my cabin.

WHY CARRY RISK ?

CARRY PNB TRAVELLERS CHEQUES





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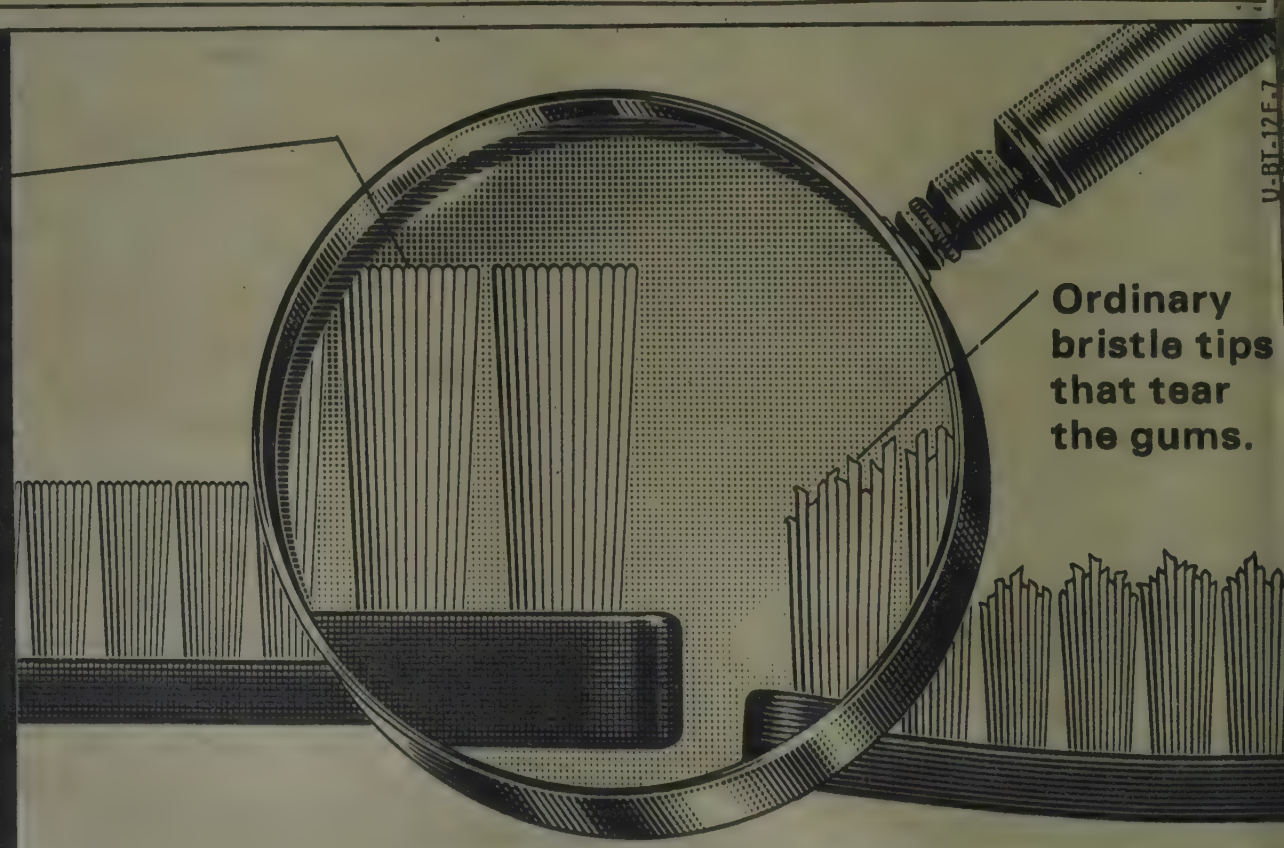

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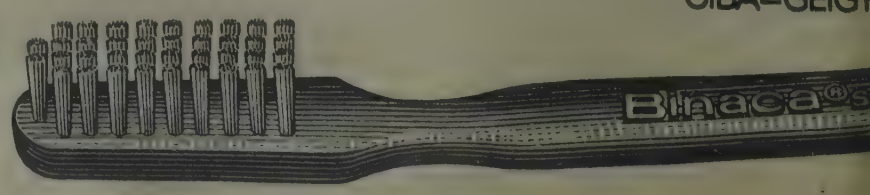

India's largest selling toothbrush

VINOD KHANNA: 'saint'- with a naughty streak!

N. Bharath

It was one of those innumerable outdoor stints, this time in picturesque (but hot) Udaipur. We were busy watching Ranjeet clinging to a rope ladder that was suspended from a helicopter. The shooting was taking place in an old palace in the middle of a lake. Producer-director N. D. Kothari who knows Udaipur like the back of his hand, ran back and forth getting his shots.

Everybody was relaxed and friendly. Amjad Khan sat in one corner trying hard to tan himself . . . Suddenly, all eyes were rivetted towards the lake where a boat was heading towards the location shooting.

The way the unit folks looked up and smiled we knew that the hero had arrived. All 6' 1" of Mr. Vinod Khanna unwound itself from the boat and jumped on to the shore. Then he took two quick steps forward and waved out to everybody — much like a man on stage. I suppose these filmi guys can never shed their innate need for attention, however funny it looks.

Vinod sported a crazy-looking hat, a multi-striped shirt (the kind you find mountain folk wearing in Assam and Nepal) and brown trousers. After enjoying the greeting that he received, Vinod headed for our corner saying, "I'm told there are some girls here. Where are they?" He must have been disappointed to find only female journalists sitting in that corner. Vinod Khanna, a real man about town, is essentially fond of fooling around, however saintly his boring interviews may make him out to be.

And this trait in him always comes to the fore at outdoor shootings. The day before, Vinod Khanna had been injured badly in the ribs. He's one of those tough actors who likes doing most of his stunt acts himself. It is probably an inheritance from Ajanta Arts where he got his first break from Mr. Sunil Dutt — another tough man. And like all tough men, Vinod Khanna recovered from the mild accident within hours so that he looked fresh and virile the next day.

Vinod Khanna's flashy dress that day was, by the way, strictly for the camera. He can be quite sarcastic sometimes about his roles and dresses, but it's all part of the game so he continues to do things he doesn't particularly care to do. In real life, for instance, he generally is quite soberly attired. During the pre-Rajneesh period I used to see him in a white shirt and black trousers — a sober, dignified combination for a flamboyant man. In the post-Rajneesh period, of course, there's no room for any choice — it's always the saffron robe or saffron kurta with saffron trousers.

Vinod Khanna generally gives the impression of being a very boring, family type of guy with nothing interesting about him. Moody by nature (and very rude and sarcastic when he drops his gentlemanly mantle), Vinod can suddenly cheer up and brighten a dull party. But when things get out of hand (like people getting too drunk for comfort), then you'll find Vinod making a quiet exit and sitting all by himself somewhere in the garden (probably meditating). The Vinod of old was reputed to be a semi-goonda. But he's sobered down to the extent that he only gets a little high but never drunk. It's a little hard to believe but Vinod also has one very well hidden talent in him. . . he sings (especially classical) songs beautifully. And he's a good cook too. Vinod's other assets are, of course, that he's a terrific looker and he's a jolly good actor (except when he does sissy scenes like emotional, tear jerking ones).

Vinod is supposed to be a good chess player. One wishes that he'd make his moves equally cleverly when he chooses his assignments. For someone who's a good actor and for someone who's been around for so long, he should be doing better than acting in insignificant roles like the one in "Amar, Akbar Anthony". "But an assignment like that is taken on to keep relations with good filmmakers. And anyway, nothing negative comes out of successful films like 'Amar, Akbar, Anthony'," he said.

As the saying goes, to each his own . . .

Photograph : Girish Shukla

across the Jhelum by boat

Krishan Chandar

(Translated from the Urdu by Jai Ratan)

We had a hell of a time upto Gatialivan. The lorry was bursting with passengers at the seams and inside it was suffocatingly humid because of the heat. I was occupying a seat in the Intermediate class—like the Railways they had also started compartmentalising the vehicle into different classes—and cursing myself. I wished I had travelled by car. It would have made my journey so comfortable and smooth. What was worse, there was hardly anything of interest in the lorry to divert my mind. On my right, I had a police inspector sitting next to me. Wearing a khaki turban, its **turrah** stiffly standing up, fan-like, like the arched plumes of a peacock, he kept curling up his moustache, perhaps to impress upon us the importance of his position. Right in front, by the driver's side, which constituted the First class, sat a Tehsildar Saheb in isolated splendour. His loosely-tied turban and complacent look testified to the fact that life had dealt kindly with him.

The seats right across from me were occupied by four women—two of them quite old and the other two middle-aged. The one just facing me was holding a child and looked comparatively younger and uglier than the others. Every now and then she glanced furtively at me through her veil.

In this world everyone seems to be in quest of beauty. But I can't claim with any degree of certitude that the woman had taken a liking for me. As for myself, I know for sure that I fall for beauty as soon as I see it around me. Automatically, my hand went up to my neck and after straightening the knot of my tie I looked around. Alas, in that jam-packed lorry, which was speeding away towards its destination, I could not detect even a speck of romance. I only saw gloomy faces, **hookahs** and the plume-like **turrah** of the Police Inspector's turban. I closed my eyes, since there was nothing much to see. The next moment as I opened my eyes I heard the ugly woman sitting opposite me whispering into her child's ear to get into my lap. Then wiping the perspiration from her forehead she moaned, "Oh, I'm so tired. I feel stifled."

Poor woman! Though she was wearing silk clothes and was quite ugly, yet by nature a woman is considered to be poor and feeble. So I took the child and deposited it on my knee.

The woman gave me a grateful look and then, putting her head out of the window, she started vomitting.

The wages of love! I hurriedly dumped the child in the Police Inspector's lap and rushing up to the driver, asked him to stop the lorry.

"There's no point in stopping the lorry here," the driver said. "The Gatiyalian ghat is only three quarters of a mile away. We'll halt there. At the octroi post, by the river. The cool breeze blowing from across the river will revive her."

The river Jhelum flows between Gatiyalian and the Jhelum city. There is always a crowd of passengers at the octroi barrier, anxious to rush through to the city. The unending stream of passengers bound for or coming from Jammu, the bullocks and donkeys loaded with luggage, countless lorries waiting at the octroi post, and the fishing boats tied at the river bank—the scene is reminiscent of a small sea-port. Soon I lost sight of the Tehsildar, the Police Inspector and that ugly woman in the crowd. I didn't have much luggage and it did not take me long to check out through the octroi post. Engaging a small boy to carry my luggage I proceeded towards the river. As I've said the journey upto Gatiyalian had been very uncomfortable and I had a headache coming on. But it gradually disappeared, wafted by the cool breeze from the vast expanse of the river. A faint smell oozing from the tall grass growing along the river bank pleasantly tingled my nostrils. The vast stretch of water, a scattering of large fishing crafts and small river boats upon it, the soft laping sound of barge poles as they cut through the water to the accompaniment of boatmen's lusty singing presented a most agreeable scene.

The small boy put down my luggage under a **kao** tree where a boy and a girl were sitting under its scanty shade, their luggage piled by their side. I handed the small boy a two-anna coin and asked him his name.

"Abdullah," he replied.

"Well, Abdullah, can you get me a boat? You must help me out, like a good boy."

Abdullah smiled. "Saab, I've a boat," he said. "Our own boat. Wait, I'll call my younger brother. We can both row you across. We'll charge you three and a half rupees for the trip."

When Abdullah was gone I sat down under the tree and looked around, my gaze sweeping over mounds of sand, clusters of **kao** and **tung** trees and to kingfishers flying over them. Then I turned my attention to my neighbours. The girl, wearing a deep green sari with a gold border, was sitting with her back to the river. The boy was looking in my direction. He was wearing a gray coat and khaki shorts and a colourful tie. "Where are you going?" he asked me.

"I live in a small village across the river—my native place. That's where I'm going. And you?" I gave the girl a questioning look.

"We're going to Lahore," the boy replied. "I study in Jammu but my sister is doing her Intermediate from a college at Lahore. I'm escorting her there. Oh, what a journey! The boatmen here are an awful lot. For the last half hour we have been looking for a small boat to take us across the river. But these boatmen say that small boats do not ply here. Only big boats. And they demand fantastic rates. Eight rupees, some even ten rupees. It's daylight robbery — and such a bother."

"Don't worry," I said, consoling the boy. "Leave everything to me. I shall safely see you at the river."

The girl looked at me. To that I had never seen such sweet and beautiful face would be an exaggeration. But she was beautiful and there was something in her face which drew me towards her. She cast a quick glance at me and then her thick eyelashes drooped over her cheeks. But what impressed me more than her physical charm was her state of helplessness and a sense of disappointment. I had sensed them in one fleeting glance. It was a fathomless depth of sadness. For an instant I felt that I was myself going down the river with the swiftness of lightning. Then I had a jolt and found myself safely anchored at the edge of the sea. What an eerie experience! But the experience lasted only for a moment, for when I looked up at her I found her gazing at the vast expanse of the river, her face devoid of all e

pression. I suddenly felt anxious about her.

Two more travellers came, one close upon the heel of the other. The first, a grey-haired old man who was holding a lathi. He greeted us with a "Ram! Ram!" and sat down by my side. Then I saw that ugly woman, with the child in her lap, a coolie, carrying a trunk and a bedding, following her. She sat down by the side of the girl, and her child, attracted by the girl's green sari, started tugging at its 'pallu.'

After a short while Abdullah appeared on the scene and pointed towards a small boat being rowed by his brother.

Abdullah smiled at me. "Please get into the boat," he said to me as the boat touched the bank.

The old man turned to Abdullah. "Please take me along," he said. "God will bless you for it."

The ugly woman rose to her feet. "Spare a wee bit of place for me also," she said. "I must reach Gujaranwala today. If I miss this train. . . The evening is already upon us and I am alone."

We all got in and the coolies arranged our luggage in the boat. Holding barge poles, Abdullah and his brother stationed themselves on each side of the boat and, taking Allah's name, pushed away from the bank. Abdullah started singing:

"His holy name will steer us through,
O, camel rider, rein in your mount!"

"You don't mind my singing?" he suddenly asked, stopping midway.

The girl said, "Go ahead. We like your singing. You have a fine voice."

Abdullah resumed singing. The

There was something inscrutable about her—a fathomless depth of sadness—that made him suddenly anxious for her

same old camel song sung by village folks which required more feeling than virtuosity to render it effectively.

On meeting a camel rider, a love-lorn maiden who has been wandering in the desert in search of her lover requests the camel rider to give her a ride on his camel and help her find her lover.

The boy said: "The fellow sings well. And what a sweet voice he has! I'm fond of music."

I looked at the girl, who was sitting apart, with her head resting upon her brother's shoulder. She slowly closed her eyes and a sad smile played across her lips. Then she held her hands against her bosom and stretching out her legs lay down on the seat. As she lay there I could still see half her face, her beautiful hands, her ankles.

"My camel has bells round her neck,
Their tinkle will appease my sweet-heart."

Abdullah's soulful singing deeply stirred my otherwise placid heart and it tingled with painful pleasure, as if with every note of the song the soul of a love-lorn girl was being drawn out of her.

There were tears in the girl's eyes. She quickly wiped them with the **anchal** of her sari. Her brother did not see her doing so but I did. Had Abdullah's song kindled the dormant fire of love in her heart? Otherwise why those tears? My heart was bursting to know her secret. Was she pining for a lover whom fate had thrown apart from her? I felt like wiping her tears with soft rose petals and asking her, "Tell me, beautiful girl, what's eating into your heart?"

But it was not the girl but the ugly woman whom I found looking at me. As our eyes met she lowered her head and leaned over her child.

Lap, lap, lap! With the barge poles working alternately, the boat was swiftly cutting through the water. As the sun started sinking into the west, a soft, magic-like light spread over the water. Was it sunset or sunrise? The west or the east—the source of all efulgence. Or, were we immortals riding on this everlasting boat to have a rendezvous with our loves who would live on and on till eternity?

"Their tinkle will appease my sweet-heart."

Lap, lap, lap! The boat was forging ahead. The evening approached and darkness swiftly descended upon us. Then a milk-white moonlight blossomed and I was reminded of the lotuses floating in Dal Lake. Around me thousands of lotus flowers seemed to have blossomed over the dying ripples. Abdullah had stopped singing.

The old man was slowly chanting "Ram, Ram!" The ugly woman stole a glance now at me, now at the girl who was still reclining in her seat.

"Poor Shyama," the boy said, looking at his sister. "The journey has been too much for her. She has at last fallen asleep."

Lying still like a statue of marble, was she really asleep? Or was she somewhere in the trembling star-like world, dreaming of dreams which began nowhere and ended nowhere?

Abdullah shattered the silence. "We're approaching the bank," he said, swiftly working his pole.

As we jumped onto the bank I said to the boy, "You run off and fetch a tonga while I look around for coolies."

"I doubt if you can get coolies at this odd hour," Abdullah said.

I looked at him in dismay.

"I'll tell you what!" he said brightly. "I and my brother will make a few trips and take your luggage to the tonga stand. We'll charge four annas per trip."

"All right, take charge of the luggage. And of that lot too." I said pointing towards the ugly woman's luggage.

When Abdullah was going to make the last trip I woke up the girl and she got up hurriedly. Yes, she had been sleeping. Under the moonlight her complexion had taken the colour of saffron.

"Have you change for a rupee?" I said, producing a rupee note from my purse.

She rummaged through her hand bag and gave me the change. Her delicate fingers were cold like ice.

We walked along in silence, the old man taking the lead, feeling his way by tapping his lathi on the ground. After walking some distance I turned to Shyama, "I saw you crying in the boat," I said. "Why were you crying?"

She kept walking by my side with bowed head.

"Surely you can trust me," I said. "You can unburden your heart to me."

She swiftly looked at me with tear-dimmed eyes and again lowered her head.

"My camel has bells round her neck,
It warns to keep from false lovers,
Oh, camel rider. . . ."

The sound was coming from across the Jhelum on the trembling rays of the moon. There was a slight tinge of mockery in the singer's voice which touched the heart to its depths.

We walked the rest of the distance in silence.

After I had helped them to get into the tonga the boy extended his hand towards me. "Thanks. Thanks a lot," he said. "We've given you a lot of trouble. Is your village far from here?"

"No, only a couple of miles away," I said. "Do you see that footpath? I'll have to make it on foot through the fields."

The ugly woman looked at me from her seat in the tonga and lowered her head.

I folded my hands in salutation. Twice in fact. Once to the ugly woman and then to the girl. The girl looked at me with sad sleep-laden eyes. For an instant those eyes sparkled and then the light faded from them. Like a beautiful pebble suddenly lost in the depth of the blue sea. Then her bangles jingled and their sound was lost in the air. Like a star falling from the sky and getting dissolved in the atmosphere.

The tonga started. The boy waved his hand, "Good bye!"

My way lay straight through the fields. In the sky, between the stars, lay a similar path. When did this journey start? Where did these paths lead? Will this journey ever come to an end? I stood there for some time lost in thought.

SIZZLING HOT SNACKS

Premila Lal

The pitter-patter of raindrops . . . such a relief from the hot spell, the coolness in the air whets the appetite and the desire to have something sizzling hot at tea time or for cocktails. The mere sight of these hearty snacks is enough to warm the cockles of one's heart. All you need is everyday foodstuff and a little imagination to turn out these sumptuous snacks. Try our favourites — the non-veg and veg. stuffed pakoras in maida-milk batter, tiny hot meat kababs and cutlets, spicy minced chicken, liver, egg on fried toast, etc., and you're sure to be blessed for your efforts.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

NARGIS KABAB

10 eggs
½ kg. mutton, minced finely

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

½" piece ginger
2 cloves of garlic
1 tsp. cumminseed
1 tsp. coriander seeds
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. red chilli powder
1" piece cinnamon
4 cloves

Salt to taste
Ghee

Hardboil 8 eggs and shell them. Slightly beat the remaining 2 eggs. Boil the minced meat thoroughly and mix well with the ground paste and beaten eggs. With the hands, coat the hard boiled eggs thickly with this mixture. Heat a little fat (about ¼ cup) in a deep skillet, over a medium fire and fry the kababs for about 10 minutes. Slice carefully along the length of the eggs. Serve with wedges of sour lime.

ABUDANA BONDAS (SAGO (AKORAS)

75 grams sago
75 grams rice flour
75 grams flour (maida)
large onions
green chillis
bunch coriander leaves
alt to taste
hee or oil (coconut or sesame)

ix the sago and the two varieies of flour with enough water o make a paste which should ot be too thin. Chop onions, hillis and coriander very finely. eave the paste to set for half n hour, and then add the choped ingredients. Add salt.

ake small balls of the paste nd deep fry (about 6-8 at a ime) in smoking hot ghee. When olden brown and crisp on the utside, drain well and remove. erve with coconut chutney or lain with a hot drink.

PESARATTU

50 grams yellow dal
0 grams rice
green chillis, chopped fine
big onions, chopped fine
sprig curry leaves
alt to taste
hee

oak dal and rice for half an our, drain and grind together ith green chillis, onions, curry eaves and salt to a fine paste. dd water, if required.

mear a frying pan with ghee nd heat it; then pour 2 or 3 ablespoons of mixture at a time nd fry it well on both sides. erve hot with coconut-green hilli chutney.

AL DOSAI

50 grams rice
25 grams tur dal
10 grams black gram dal
10 grams Bengal gram dal
onions
red chillis
green chillis
" piece ginger
piece asafoetida
small bunch of coriander leaes
sprig curry leaves
hee

hop the onions, ginger, green hillis, coriander and curry leaes finely. Grind the red dry hillis coarsely.

oak the rice and the dals overght in cold water. Next morng, drain and grind to a not-tooe paste. Add chillis, salt and afoetida. Add the above chopd ingredients to the paste and lt to taste. Mix well. Heat a va, grease it and spread a laful of batter evenly on it. our two teaspoons of ghee or l around the edge of the dosai. lp when done and serve with utney.

UICK FISH KABABS

0 grams cooked filleted fish or meat
slices bread, soaked in water
onions
egg
green chillis
small bunch coriander leaves
Salt and pepper to taste
Breadcrumbs
Ghee for frying

Put the egg, quartered onions, green chillis and coriander leaves in the mixer. Drain excess water from bread slices and add. Cut fish into smaller pieces. Run the mixer, adding fish pieces gradually. If the mixture is too soft, add some soft breadcrumbs and knead. Form into small kababs, roll in breadcrumbs and fry in hot ghee till brown.

BANANA PANCAKES

250 grams plain flour
½ litre milk
60 grams soft brown sugar
3-4 cardamoms, powdered
Oil for frying
2 eggs
8 small ripe bananas
1 lemon
Castor sugar for sprinkling

Sieve the flour with a pinch of salt into a bowl and make a well in the centre. Break the egg into the well, with a little milk. Stir, drawing in the flour from the sides and beat till smooth. Add the milk, a little at a time, stirring and beating between additions. Transfer the batter into a jug and keep aside till needed. Before using beat the batter again. Heat a teaspoon of oil on a flat tava and spread grease on the surface. Pour in sufficient batter to cover surface thinly. Tilt the pan so that the batter cooks evenly. When the underside of the pancake is nicely browned, toss and cook on the other side lightly. Put in a plate and keep warm. Chop bananas and mix with the brown sugar and cardamom. Fill the pancakes with this mixture and sprinkle with a little more brown or castor sugar. Serve with wedges of lemon.

POTATO FLIPS

500 grams potatoes
2 eggs
2 tbsps. milk
1 onion
3 tbsps. flour (maida)
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. coriander leaves
½ tsp. baking powder
Ghee for frying

Peel and dice potatoes and quarter the onion. Put potatoes, eggs, milk, onion, flour, salt, chilli, coriander leaves and baking powder in the mixer and run for about 10 seconds. (Do not run machine too long as the potatoes will get liquified). Grease and heat a tava and pour a spoonful of the mixture at a time on it. Cook till golden on both sides.

eat low cholesterol MUTTON CURRY

VOGUE-SC-E177

MEAT (BREAST, SHOULDER & MIDDLE NECK) ... 1 Kg.
CURD (OPTIONAL) ... 50 gms.
WATER ... 2 tea cups.
P3 MUTTON CURRY RECIPE ... 50 gms.

HOW TO COOK
CLEAN AND CUT MEAT INTO MEDIUM SIZE PIECES. MIX THE MEAT, CURD (IF USED), P3 RECIPE-MUTTON CURRY AND SET ASIDE FOR 30 MINUTES. NOW, ADD THE WATER AND COOK THE ENTIRE MIXTURE IN A PRESSURE COOKER FOR APPROX. 20 MINUTES OR UNTIL MEAT GETS TENDER. YOUR DISH IS READY-TO-SERVE.

GARNISHING (OPTIONAL)
GARNISH WITH 1 tbsp HOT OIL/VANASPATI, CHOPPED CORIANDER OR MINT LEAVES. SERVE HOT.

PLEASE REMEMBER
DO NOT FRY. DO NOT ADD OIL, SALT, ONION, OR ANY KIND OF MASALAS WHILST COOKING.
DO NOT USE VINEGAR, TOMATOE ETC. IN PLACE OF CURD.

B INSTANT COOKING RECIPE

MUTTON CURRY (50 gms) Rs. 3.25
MUTTON-DO-PIAZA (50 gms) 3.25
MUTTON KORMA (50 gms) 3.25
CHICKEN CURRY (50 gms) 3.25

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cuckoo lal

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CHICKEN CROQUETTES

3 tbsps. butter
4 tbsps. flour
1½ cups milk
1 cup diced, cooked chicken meat
¼ cup diced, cooked tongue or lean ham
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. white pepper
¼ tsp. nutmeg
2 egg yolks, beaten lightly
¼ cup flour
1 cup breadcrumbs
Oil or fat for deep frying

Melt the butter in a saucepan and blend in the flour. Slowly add the milk and stir over a medium heat until the sauce is smooth and thick. Add the diced chicken, diced smoked tongue, chopped parsley, salt, white pepper and nutmeg. Let the mixture come to a boil then remove from heat and cool. The mixture should be thick and firm. Shape into individual croquettes. Roll the croquettes in flour, dip them in beaten egg yolks and then roll them in breadcrumbs. Let them set for about 30 minutes for the coating to dry. Heat the fat in a deep frying pan until it is very hot. Deep fry the croquettes until they are golden brown all over. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot. Coriander leaves may be used instead of parsley and 1-2 finely chopped green chillis may be mixed in if desired.

CHICKEN LIVER PATE

½ kg. chicken liver
Small onion, chopped
½ cup butter
1 hardboiled egg, chopped
1 tbsp. breadcrumbs
3 cloves garlic, chopped
Parsley
Pepper
Salt

Heat the butter to cook the chicken liver. When ready, mince and paste. Blend in the chopped onion, garlic and egg. Then add the breadcrumbs and seasoning and butter to get the consistency of a rich paste. Decorate with parsley and serve with hot buttered toast.

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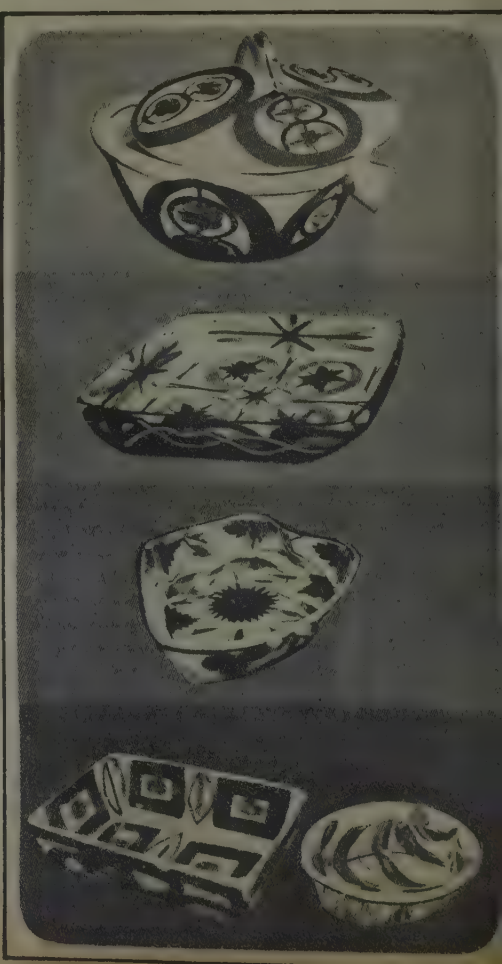

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. M. Saldanha, Bombay

KERALA TARLA FISH (INDIAN SARDINE)

2 doz. small or medium size tarlas, cleaned and washed
4 tbsps. of coconut oil
6 methi seeds, roasted and powdered
½ tsp. turmeric powder

GRIND COARSELY:

½ grated coconut
2 dry red chillis

Wash the grinding stone with 4 cups of water and keep aside.

CHOP:

1 large onion
½" piece of ginger
6 pods of cocum
2 sprigs finely chopped curry leaves

Mix together the ground masala and chopped ingredients, adding turmeric powder and salt to taste. Make 3 equal parts of the mixture and three equal parts of the fish. Then in a dekchi, first spread a layer of the mixture, then fish, alternately, till over. Pour the masala water covering the top layer, and keep on a strong fire for 10 minutes. Lower heat, pour coconut oil and methi powder, and cook for 20 minutes till done.

Lakanya Bondadi, Hyderabad

PRAWN PICKLE

½ kgms prawns, shelled
50 grams large, red chillis (ground)
1 tbsp. cumminseed
½ tsp. mustard seeds
4 pods garlic, chopped
A small piece of ginger
1 tbsp. ground turmeric
1 sprig of curry patta
A pinch of asafoetida
1 cup vinegar
150 grams til oil (refined)

Sprinkle some salt on the shelled prawns. Mix thoroughly and keep aside for few minutes. In the meantime, grind red chillis, cumminseed, ginger and mix in ground turmeric. Heat 3 tbsps. of oil and add the ground paste and mix well. Then add ½ cup vinegar to the salted prawns, cook for few minutes and remove from fire. Add the ground fried paste to the prawns and mix well. Heat the til oil, allow it to cool and add to the pickle. Add mustard seeds, chopped garlic and asafoetida. Mix the prawns in this oil and stir well. Store it in an air-tight jar.

Miss Rati Roshan Fernandes, Goa

MASALA CHICKEN WITH MASHED POTATOES

1 chicken (1 kg.)
¼ kg. ghee
¼ kg. tomatoes
½ kg. potatoes
100 grams cauliflower, chopped
100 grams cabbage, shredded
100 grams carrots, grated
6 medium size onions
6 green chillis
Salt to taste
½ tbsp. ajinomoto
2 tbsps. soya bean sauce
8 tbsps. vinegar

GRIND TO A PASTE:

10 mint leaves
3" piece ginger
1 tbsp. garlic, ground
Juice of 2 limes

FRY AND GRIND DRY:

1 tbsp. turmeric powder
1 tbsp. pepper powder
1 tbsp. cloves, crushed
1 tbsp. cinnamon, crushed
1 tbsp. dry coriander
4 tbsp. khushkhush
6 cardamoms
2 medium onions, cut in 4 pieces
30 red chillis

Wash chicken pieces and apply the masala paste and juice and leave aside for 15 minutes.

Chop the tomatoes and boil and mash the potatoes. Heat ghee and fry finely sliced onion till golden brown. Add the ground dry masala and fry for sometime. Add the tomatoes and green chillis. Add marinaded chicken and fry for a while, then stir in 8 glasses of water and cook for 10 minutes. Then add the mashed potatoes, cauliflower, cabbage, carrots, salt, ajinomoto, soya bean sauce and vinegar and cook until chicken is tender.

Mrs. Dorothy E. Francis, Mysore

MEATY SURPRISE

1 kg. beef
½ kg. fatty pork
A large piece of ginger
1 large pod of garlic
2½ tsps. ground pepper
10-15 green chillis (split and remove most of the seeds)
2 large onions
Oil
1 tsp. sugar
Salt to taste

Wash and wipe the beef and cut into chops. Flatten well on a grinding stone. Wash and wipe the pork and cut into the same number of pieces as the beef slices. Grind the onion, ginger, garlic, pepper and green chillis. Rub the ground masala into the beef slices and pork pieces and allow to marinate in salt and vinegar for one hour. Take each beef slice, place a piece of pork in it, roll it and secure tightly with thread. Do this till all the meat slices are rolled up.

Heat 4 tablespoons of oil in a dekchi and one teaspoon of sugar. Fry till the sugar is quite brown. Add the meat rolls and fry well till brown. Add sufficient water and cook till tender. When done and there is a little gravy left, remove from fire. Cool and remove the thread

weekly winner

Mrs. Pammi Handa of New Delhi wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe.

MINCED MEAT PLAIT

250 grams plain flour
50 grams cheese
125 grams butter or ghee
A pinch of salt
A little cold water to mix

FILLING:

250 grams minced meat
2 tomatoes, peeled and quartered
2 onions, chopped
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 tbsps. parsley leaves, chopped
2 level tbsps. curry powder
2 tbsps. tomato ketchup
2 tbsps. ghee or oil
½ cup water
Pepper and salt to taste

Heat oil or ghee, fry onions and garlic lightly, add minced meat, salt and pepper. Stir and fry till brown. Add chopped tomatoes and curry powder and fry for some more time. Add half cup water, cover and cook, till meat is tender and dry. Add parsley and tomato ketchup. Keep aside to cool.

PASTRY:

Sift the flour and salt into a mixing bowl. Add the fat and with finger tips, rub it in, until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add grated cheese and mix well. Add a little cold water to make a fairly stiff dough.

Turn the dough onto a slightly floured board and roll into 12" squares. Trim the edges and lift the piece of pastry onto a baking tray. Spread the filling in the centre of dough, so that a 4" border is left on either side. Using a sharp knife make slanting cuts through the pastry on each side at ½" space. Take a strip alternately from each side and lay them over the filling, sticking the pastry together with cold water. Tuck in the edges, so that the filling is completely enclosed, then leave it in a cool place for 10 minutes. Bake plait on the centre shelf of a moderate hot oven (375 deg. F or 190 deg C) for 30-40 minutes until the plait is golden brown and the filling is hot. Serve hot or cold in dish garnished with sliced cucumber and tomatoes.

VILLAGE MEDICINE WOMEN

Jyotsana Kapoor

To Andhra Pradesh goes the credit of introducing a novel scheme of community health workers, comprising women only, even before the "Raj Narain Health Plan" was proposed. The scheme, which started on an experimental basis in the month of April, seems to be gaining popularity. These women "doctors" (they are known as such in the villages) have been given an important assignment — that of looking after the basic medical needs of their respective villages.

Kamla in her dispensary

Zahibunissa and her women patients

The reluctance of doctors to practise in backward areas has resulted in inadequate health care for thousands of villagers. In Andhra Pradesh a maiden effort is being made to remedy the situation and local women are being enlisted to help

Thirteen women from 13 villages were picked on the basis of their popularity and level of education and given a month's training at the Regional Health and Family Planning Training Centre, Hyderabad. This training included 15 days of theory classes and 15 days of practical training. After the completion of the training, all these women were given medical kits and asked to look after the immediate health needs of the people of their villages.

The villages which have been selected for this purpose do not have a population of more than 1000. They have, by and large, been neglected all these years because no qualified doctor was willing to go and live in such backward areas and do practice. The important factor in this scheme is that all the workers are women — some in their teens and some middle-aged.

Pushpa treating mothers and children in her courtyard.

Women have been chosen because they are available at home the whole day as compared to men who have to go to the fields for work. "Moreover," according to Dr. S. S. Hassan, Principal of the Training Centre, "women are basically kind-hearted and have a sympathetic approach to sick people."

This scheme is a part of the Multi-purpose Health Workers' Scheme which was started in January, 1977, in Andhra Pradesh. Under the scheme there are two workers, one male and one female for every 5000 to 6000 people. But these workers can only visit each family once in a month provided there is no epidemic, as they have to walk many miles every day and work under almost inhuman conditions. There are no proper roads connecting the villages and there are no proper facilities of water and electricity.

According to Kamla, who is a qualified auxiliary nurse mid-wife, "I have to manage delivery cases at night with lanterns sometimes. And at times I have to go walking at night to other villages for maternity cases because some orthodox people do not like to come here. Besides solving the health problems of villagers (she goes from home to home covering about 50 homes every day) she also has to maintain a Family Health Register and spend two hours everyday running a dispensary in the village. "All the villagers have faith in us, as we belong to this place and they come to us without any hesitation. Under the new scheme we are provided with plenty of medicines so that the villagers do not have to go to cities for minor ailments. We provide them with door to door service and try to educate the people on the importance of living hygienically, getting their children immunised and solving the problems of malnutrition in children." Another important job that Kamla is supposed to do is to prepare a list of all the couples in productive age group and then try to spread the message of family planning through friendly persuasion and by providing them with contraceptives.

But since these people could visit a home in each village only once a month, a great need was felt to have a health worker in the village itself who could look after the minor ailments of the village-folk in their own surroundings. Thus the scheme of community health workers started. These workers provide day to day medical care and first aid to the local population and conduct a health education programme. Another important function of these workers is to establish a link between the multipurpose health worker

and the community, so that national health programmes are implemented effectively. A health worker is also supposed to report deliveries conducted by local dais, follow up post-natal cases, both mothers and new born babies, collect children for immunisation, distribute vitamins and also discuss with community members the advantages of family planning.

These medicine women are very enthusiastic about their work, although they are paid only an honorarium of Rs. 30 per month. Basically these women are helping the government personnel to perform their duties efficiently and are accepted in the villages better than the outsiders. Zahibunissa, the Community Health Worker in a small village near Hyderabad, is mother of nine children and likes "to serve people. Villagers can come to me any time they want to or whenever they have any trouble." She has studied up to sixth class and says that although there are some unmarried girls in the village who are more educated, the villagers preferred her because they thought that once the unmarried girls get married, they will go away and the villagers will be left without any medical aid once again. Zahibunissa's husband is a teacher and she feels that this work has given her lot of respect. "I am as important as my husband now. But I am happy to do this work to serve the needy people. Villagers are also happy now that there is a free place where they can go for their treatment. These are poor people and cannot afford to pay money for the medicines. When I had not started working, these people used to suffer or go from place to place in search of medical aid even for minor ailments."

Zahibunissa has converted one of her two small rooms in a mud attached hut into a kind of dispensary and has also kept her own table and some wooden benches befitting her office.

"The training given to us was very useful and I can immediately know the symptoms of some minor troubles and give the medicine accordingly. But this small dispensary has made the villagers more demanding now and they want more facilities, more medicines. I am not trained or equipped to deal with anything serious," says Zahibunissa. But she is determined to deal effectively with all the cases of scabbies, which afflict so many people in her village.

Pushpa of another nearby village has also studied upto 6th class and has four grown-up children. "I had nothing to do the whole day, so when I was offered this work, I was glad to help the poor villagers. They give me lot of respect and some of them even come and touch my feet."

There are about 200 houses in the village and Pushpa is expected to report the serious cases to the village Patel. She recently saved the village from a bad attack of cholera by reporting the first cases before it was too late. "But most of the people come for minor diseases, like headaches and cold cough. I am really happy to do this work and I do not mind even spending money and buying some medicines if there is a shortage at times."

Pushpa's husband works in the nearby Air Force Academy and is proud of his wife's work. A lot of doctors tried to come here and set up private practice but they did not last long, because there is not enough money and no entertainment," says Pushpa. "This village has improved a lot during the last few years, but there is still a lot to be done and many basic amenities are still to be provided for. I try and visit some houses every day and explain to them the basic need for cleanliness and various other things — like family planning, etc."

Health supervisors and multi-purpose health workers in the area have welcomed this scheme. According to one supervisor, Mariamma, "Some of the villages are very far away and they cannot reach us. Now when we approach a community health worker, she can give us the true health picture of the entire village."

But many of the community health workers are worried as to whether the medicines provided to them will last long enough or not. They all want soda mint tablets as there are many stomach cases. Some want a supply of iron, folic acid tablets, for the pregnant women. Each of these women has also been provided with a set of printed khadi charts to explain to the villagers various health problems arising out of neglect and uncleanliness.

Packets of medicines are provided by the W.H.O. to these health workers in the first week of every month and the Secretary of the W.H.O. Committee will visit a few sample villages once in a while to evaluate the progress of the programme. Rs. 40,000 have been provided from the W.H.O. Celebrations Fund for the implementation of this scheme and the finances are also being controlled by this committee.

Gradually this scheme is gaining momentum and these "medicine women" are gaining confidence. All of them are interested in learning more and improving their work. So far women patients and children have formed the majority of their 'clinic,' but the word is spreading fast and lot of men are also beginning to come in.

SHOPPING WITH MATER

David Mcmahon

Going in to market today, Mum? Nine o'clock sharp — right you are. Wassamatter—classes? Principal had twins today. Well. Not exactly—his wife really. Positive. Our next exam's on Monday. Plenty of time. Eh? Just got to read it over a couple of times and I'll know it. Yeah, sure. Nine o'clock.

Hey Mum, it's a quarter to ten. What's that? No I'm not deaf—it's just that the record player's on. But what's wrong with playing it loud? All right, all right. Brian—it's your set, but keep your hair on. No you know jolly well I can't replace the speakers. Okay. I'll put it off—anything for peace in the family.

Mum? Say Mum, we're an hour late. Well, maybe, but why can't Brian give her the farex? She's his daughter, after all, hm? No. What would I get married for? Hell, no! Yeah, okay your bag's on the table in the drawing room. Your shoes? Why not the white ones? Okay, okay! Got everything? I hope so. Right, let's get a move on. No. I'm sorry. Brian, Mum's going now, why can't you give the baby a bath? Should never have got married in the first place. Seems like I'm the only one with brains in this family.

What's that Mum? Left your shopping list behind? And you've brought the housekeys with you —well, never mind — that only means they'll have to do without eleven o'clock coffee. Do I remember what was on the list? Aw, Ma. You gotta be kidding! Yeah, okay. Tennis racquet for restringing, fruit, vegetables, toothpaste, soap, toothbrush? What for — I've only had this one since I finished school, almost eighteen months — aw, well, maybe. No I think that was all. I hope you won't be too long. I want to go home and do some studying. No, I'm not feeling ill.

We've chosen a bad day, Mum, here comes the rain, and how! Aw shucks. I'm only going at 40 kilometres an hour. How can I skid? I'm not turning or using the brakes. As a matter of fact, I guess you should know that the brakes aren't working. No, no! What d'you want to get out and stop a cab for? Relax. Say, did you bring an umbrella? Well, I didn't bring my swimming trunks. So we'll just have to wait till it stops. See there's absolutely no danger in driving without brakes. Phew! Okay, I heard!

While you're ordering your groceries, may I have a Fanta please? Thanks. And a slab of chocolate — a small one? Merci. Say, how much does that packet of popcorn cost? No Mum, I don't have worms. It's just that I get hungry round about 11 every morning. What's that? No. I know it's not 11 yet, but it will be in about half an hour.

What? Vegetables and fruit now? Why can't the cook get all that stuff? Okay, this may be for the baby, but why can't he get it for her? After all, he gets our vegetables. She's special? Say Mum — that kid may have an appetite, but I'll bet you a week's housekeeping money she's not going to eat all that. So we'll eat it? So why can't the cook get the vegetables?

Ma, (by this time I'm damned nigh hysterical) you just bought apples at shop number one, bananas at shop number two, and you're going to shop number three for pomelos! What's the sense in all that when you could have got everything you wanted at the first shop? Just because shopkeeper number one was Gran's favourite! Number two got race tips from Dad and number three has seen my brothers and me growing up? Gee whiz! Mum, no! You're not going to number four for sweet limes. Why can't you get them here? Wait, I know! The guy there must probably have had a sore throat one day and you cured him with some of your homoeopathic pills. I know it!

Mum we forgot my peanuts! Yeah, come on. Aw, Mum just because we've come this side of the market doesn't mean you have to get your spices now. I suppose you'll choose six different places to get your stuff from. No I'm not griping just having a good grumble. Cloves, cinnamon, ginger, mustard seed, garlic, pilgarlic . . . You mean you've actually finished? Mum, I could kiss you! Huh, I knew it was too good to be true, you're going to get the vermicelli while I sit here? Yeah, I'll meet you there.

Mum, it's now half past twelve. You were supposed to meet me here at a quarter to twelve. Why am I standing in the sun? Because you had the car keys in your handbag and I got burned when I tried sitting on the bonnet of the car. I don't know how you can see anything humorous in such a situation.

Hey? Parking fee. You're nuts. Okay, how much? But we've only been here an hour and a half. Two hours? Argue that out with my mother, if it had been left to me, we would have been just half an hour. Where's that coolie? Hey! Don't you want your cash? Mum, the cash for the coolie and ninety paisa for the parker. No I don't want any of your feather dusters, get lost! Who the hell d'you think you are, blowing your horn at me? That's okay I wouldn't give a damn even if you were an M.L.A.

Phew! I never thought we'd get rid of that lot. Eh Mum? What's that? The peanuts were left behind?

Ye gods!

X-RAYS

-A NOTE OF CAUTION

X-rays are undoubtedly useful for diagnoses of diseases, but indiscriminate use of radiation can result in dreaded afflictions

Dr. K. S. Parthasarathy

Use of X-rays in the diagnosis of diseases is probably the most popular procedure in modern medicine. It is reported that 50 per cent of all diagnoses in U.S. are made or confirmed by diagnostic radiology. It is estimated that the average number of X-ray examinations in a year in India is 36 per thousand persons. The corresponding number for USA is 690. It is reported that there are about 15-20,000 machines in the country. Several hundreds of new X-ray units are installed every year. What is the significance of medical X-ray exposure? The medical benefits of X-rays are widely known. However there are several hazards associated with X-rays and it is unethical to use X-rays indiscriminately for some alleged benefits.

The first volume of the American X-ray journal (1897), published within two years of the discovery of X-rays, included a compilation of 69 cases of X-ray injuries reported from clinics and laboratories from several countries. Dr E. H. Grubbe, who plunged into X-ray work within two months of Roentgen's epoch-making discovery, suffered from acute skin damage of his hand. It was amputated several years later. An over-zealous doctor who heard that X-rays are capable of removing superfluous hair applied it to his secretary with disastrous results.

X-rays are invisible rays capable of penetrating several inches of material. X-ray absorption in living tissues initiates physical and chemical reactions leading to biological changes. There are two kinds of radiation risks—genetic and somatic. Irradiation of ovaries or testes leads to enhanced incidence of diseases and defects in subsequent generations. These are genetic risks. Somatic risks are those which occur in the irradiated individual. For instance, if a million people undergo X-ray screening it is estimated that there may be more than 40 deaths among them due to dreadful diseases such as leukaemia induced by radiation. Leukaemia is a rare form of cancer annually affecting 60 persons per million and is a condition in which there is overproduction of white blood cells. The genetic risks may last several generations and are likely to exceed somatic risks. Radiologists in U.S.A. had more than ten times the incidence of leukaemia during the period 1929-1943. A more recent study (1948-61) showed that the number of leukaemia deaths among radiologists was three times more than that among physicians who are not radiologists.

Innocent looking X-ray machines, if improperly used can deliver fatal radiation dose to the exposed subject. In a premier institution in India, a male patient was exposed to high radiation dose during a surgical procedure to insert a cardiac pace-maker. This patient was subjected to "screening" for two hours. The X-ray equipment used did not satisfy the essential requirements of radiation safety. After one day the patient complained of a severe burning sensation at his back where X-rays entered his body. The physician dismissed it as a case of bed sore. When the bandages were removed after the 13th day, a circular region about 25 cms in diameter with severe blackening was noted. Within days the area developed into a wet wound with cracks and blisters. Simple and inexpensive methods would have reduced the radiation dose. For instance, if an aluminium filter and a beam limiting diaphragm normally fitted to the unit were not removed inadvertently from the machine, the dose would had been drastically reduced.

Very often, filters and diaphragms are removed from X-ray machines and the operators forget to put them back. In a survey of 132 X-ray units, in 100 departments situated in various parts of India, 59 units did not satisfy the safety requirements of the International Commission of Radiological Protection mainly because of the lack of adequate filtration. It is absolutely essential to keep the recommended aluminium filters in position to cut off the unwanted low energy X-rays from the tube. These low energy X-rays do not contribute any diagnostic information but are readily absorbed by the body.

In 1956, Dr. Alice Stewart and her colleagues in United Kingdom observed that more children X-rayed while in the uterus died of leukaemia and other forms of cancers before the age of ten. The fetus is extremely sensitive to radiation during the first three months. Some of the irradiated fetuses may be delivered as abnormal children. Before Dr. Stewart's observation was published, X-raying the pelvis of pregnant women was a routine practice because it was believed that all births are dangerous. Dr. McMahon (USA) found that the frequency with which cancers developed within the first ten years of life was increased by about 40 per cent in children exposed to X-rays while in utero. Irradiation at later stages may lead to the same kind of injuries as in adults. It is likely that sensitivity of the fetus is many times more than that of adults.

A more recent finding that intra uterine X-ray exposure and certain diseases have a combined effect on the incidence of cancer highlights the need for prudent control in the use of X-rays during pregnancy. For instance, children of the ages one to four years had 3.7 times the risk of developing leukaemia if they had an allergic disease such as asthma and 24.6 times the risk if they had both allergic diseases and had received X-ray exposure when they were in uterus. Combined effect of intra uterine X-ray exposure and bacterial diseases such as pneumonia, whooping cough and dysentery has also been established. Children who were exposed to X-ray in utero and who suffer from viral diseases such as chicken pox also were found to run greater risk for induction of leukaemia. Data on children of other age groups are also available. Viral, bacterial and allergic diseases are very frequent during childhood. If we exercise more control on X-raying of pregnant women, the combined effect of these diseass and X-ray exposure can be reduced significantly. Physicians recommending X-ray examination must be convinced about its benefit to the patient. Dr. J. L. McClenahan who is critical of unwanted use of X-rays declared that for many physicians it is easier to order an X-ray examination than t think. He observed that X-ray examinations are regularly performed when an accurate diagnos can be made with the naked ey ear and fingers.

The risk of irradiating pre nant women has been recognise in many countries. The Royal Co lege of Radiologists in U.K. r commended the implementatio of what is known as the "ten da rule." The X-ray examination o the lower abdomen of women o child-bearing age should, if prac ticable, be carried out only with in ten days following the first da of the menstrual cycle, when the are least likely to be pregnant. A chain of responsibility has bee established between the patient referring physician, radiologist and the staff of the X-ray depart ment to ensure that the fetus ir utero is not exposed to X-rays. I is the duty of the clinician to note down the stated date of the first day of the last menstrua period. The patient must give accurate information regarding the possibility of a current pregnancy. The doctor must sign the form clearly revealing his identity. It is the responsibility of the hospital authorities to remind the patient, through prominent instructions displayed in the department, of the risks of exposure to X-rays during pregnancy. Women who are using effective contraceptives, women who are menstruating at the time or those who deny recent sexual intercourse are exempted from the "ten day rule."

In a report entitled "Radiation hazards to patients", Adrian Committee, (U.K.) recommended that there should be clear cut clinical indications before an X-ray examination is undertaken. In an authentic document, the International Commission on Radiological Protection stated that some mass surveys, routine examinations related to employment, retirement, disability insurance and immigration and a large number of other X-ray examinations do not conform with the principle cited above. Many patients get psychological satisfaction only if a X-ray examination is also recommended as a part of the diagnosis. There is no lower limit of X-ray dose for the initiation of a harmful biological effect. Every examination has some risk. Dr. K. Z. Morgan, an internationally reputed radiation physicist observed that radiation doses from medical diagnostic exposure are often ten times that needed for diagnostic purposes.

There are two types of X-ray examinations. Radiography involves the use of X-ray films. But screening (fluoroscopy) in which the images of the internal organs are directly seen is more popular. This procedure is simple and inexpensive. During screening the machine operates continuously like a movie camera. There is no limit to the total amount of radiation used. But excessive radiation to the film in radiography will make a blackened and hence

...ure. The repeated ex-...e will be needed until a ...icture of suitable quality is ob-...ained. Fluoroscopy should be ...arried out only if the diagnos-...ic information cannot be ex-...racted by radiography alone. X-...ay screening exposes the pat-...ient and the doctor to higher ...loses — 500 to 1000 times more.

A visit to any hospital in our ...ountry will reveal the serious-...ess of the hazard. Normally the ...assages of the X-ray rooms are ...rowded. Mobile and fixed X-ray ...nstallations are in use. Most of ...he X-ray departments are not ...lanned taking radiation safety ...nto consideration. The X-ray ...eam is directed inadvertently ...o occupied areas such as offices ...nd crowded corridors. X-ray in-...tallations separated from offices ...nd corridors by thin wooden ...partitions have been seen. Virtu-...lly the entire beam penetrates ...such partitions and irradiate peo-...ple waiting outside. In one inst-...ance it was found that people ...who were getting irradiated with-...out their knowledge were out-...patients from gynaecological or ...pediatric wards nearby.

In many institutions it is a ...common practice to allow a large ...number of patients into the X-ray ...room. Their relatives, including ...children, also follow them. Each ...time an X-ray film is taken or ...screening is done, the beam of ...the X-ray either directly or in-...directly strikes all those who are ...present. It is reported ...that patients waiting for ...five minutes inside an X-ray ...room during screening may ...receive 100 times more dose ...to their testes than that received ...by them during their own screen-...ing. We may see occasionally an ...obliging physician allowing re-...latives to see the internal organs ...of the patients during screening. ...If the scientifically established ...fact that even a small dose car-...ried with it some risk for the in-...duction of virtually incurable dis-...eases such as cancer is known to ...the public, they will avoid stay-...ing in the X-ray room unneces-...sarily. In fixed installations also ...f the X-ray beam is not restrict-...ed to the size of the film it will ...ead to unwanted dose. It is ab-...solutely essential to use the beam ...imiting diaphragm normally fit-...ed to the head of the X-ray tube ...o restrict the beam to the film or ...o the part of the body examined. ...By this simple procedure, the ...dose to the patient can be re-...duced by as much as 30 per cent. ...The testes or ovaries of the pati-...ents must be shielded from the ...X-ray beam. If the scrotum is en-...closed in a lead-rubber bag, 99 ...per cent of the dose to the testes ...an be eliminated.

There are many technical and ...physical factors on which the ...adiation dose to the patient de-...ends. The safety requirements of ...he X-ray equipment have been ...pecified by international agen-...ies. The division of Radiological ...rotection, Bhabha Atomic Re-...earch Centre, Bombay, has been ...nvolved in giving advice in the planning of X-ray installations for the past 20 years. Measuring radiation dose of workers, survey of X-ray installations and training workers on the safety aspects of radiation have been the other activities of the Division.

The purpose of this article is not to antagonise the medical fraternity. Whether an X-ray examination is to be recommended in a specific case or not must no doubt be decided by the physician. He has the major responsibility of weighing the risk versus benefit. X-raying patients to offer them psychological satisfaction is unethical. It is our considered opinion that unnecessary medical diagnostic X-ray exposure is real and not theoretical. Recently, a national seminar on diagnostic radiology and radiotherapy, with particular reference to Radiation Protection in hospitals, was organised by the Bhabha Atomic Research Centre and the Indian Association for Radiation Protection and sponsored by the South East Asian Regional Office of the World Health Organisation. One of the papers read dealt with the economic aspects of radiation safety in hospitals. It was stated that it costs practically nothing to make use of the free services and facilities available in the Division of Radiological Protection. Essential accessories such as lead aprons, lead gloves, etc., will cost only three to four per cent of the total cost of the X-ray unit and civil works. These accessories will protect the technicians and the radiologists. Most of these accessories, once purchased are useful for several years.

Another important factor to be considered is the opportunities available for training doctors and technicians in the country. There are a few centres offering training, but apparently there is no uniformity of standard. There are also some private institutes offering "training" in X-ray technology which have no X-ray machines. These so called trained technicians get jobs in many private clinics. Radiation protection is not included as a subject of study in any university.

One must also mention the large number of X-ray machines that are installed in residential areas without considering the basic requirements of radiation safety. Even such installations may be made safe by simple modifications which will not entail an unacceptable financial burden on their owners. Very small X-ray doses are also potentially hazardous and should be received only if the clinical condition warrants it. The scientific evidence is so overwhelming that the public must be informed about it. This is a subject "that mattered to each individual but that had previously been relegated to seminars and meetings for and by experts."

New Feathers For Indian Stewardesses

British Airways has many "firsts" to its credit. It was not only the first foreign carrier to employ Indian stewardesses, but also the first to choose the traditional saree as the uniform for its stewardesses, even before other airlines put their stewardesses in sarees. When east meets west, the BA Indian stewardess draped in traditional exotic style exudes the heritage and hospitality of centuries of Indian culture.

This summer the 'Namaste' from Indian stewardesses come from elegance wrapped in dazzling ensembles.

The new saree designed and produced by Ritu's Boutique is the result of painstaking effort and supervision on the part of Vera Chinoy. From myriad designs, wide ranging colours and different textures of silk, the final product with its exquisite design diffused in hues of red, blue and navy blue lends instant appeal.

The classical design and the mosaic print gives the saree a woven textured look. The stylized motifs along the border and the traditional pallav of the saree is very striking and makes the uniformed saree specially adaptable for evening wear. Apart from the design what makes the British Airway's saree so exclusive is the silk used— soft yet strong woven silk from the fine Mulberry that abounds in Bangalore.

Vera Chinoy and Devika Saigal model BA uniform sarees

Mrs. Promilla Kalhan is a well-known journalist working for "The Hindustan Times" of Delhi.

BLACK WEDNESDAY

The people in North India hailed the election results as a victory for democracy. For the Congress and Mrs. Gandhi it was a tragedy, a tragedy brought on partly by circumstance and partly by Mrs. Gandhi's own character.

If the people hailed her after Bangla Desh as a heroine of courage, the situation in 1977 was very different. On a tour of some Eastern U.P. districts known to be traditionally backward, I found that villagers who could neither read nor write knew all about the jailing of a kindly old man called Jaya Prakash Narayan. "She will jail us all if she wins — nasbandi will continue — taxes will be high — the police will be on the rampage," they said.

The Congress posters displayed a smiling Mrs. Gandhi. But unlike in 1971 she was now a hated person. In the small town of Misrikh I stood in a hut talking to a schoolmaster and his companion. Both had braved jail for some months. Why? "Because we were once connected with the Jana Sangh."

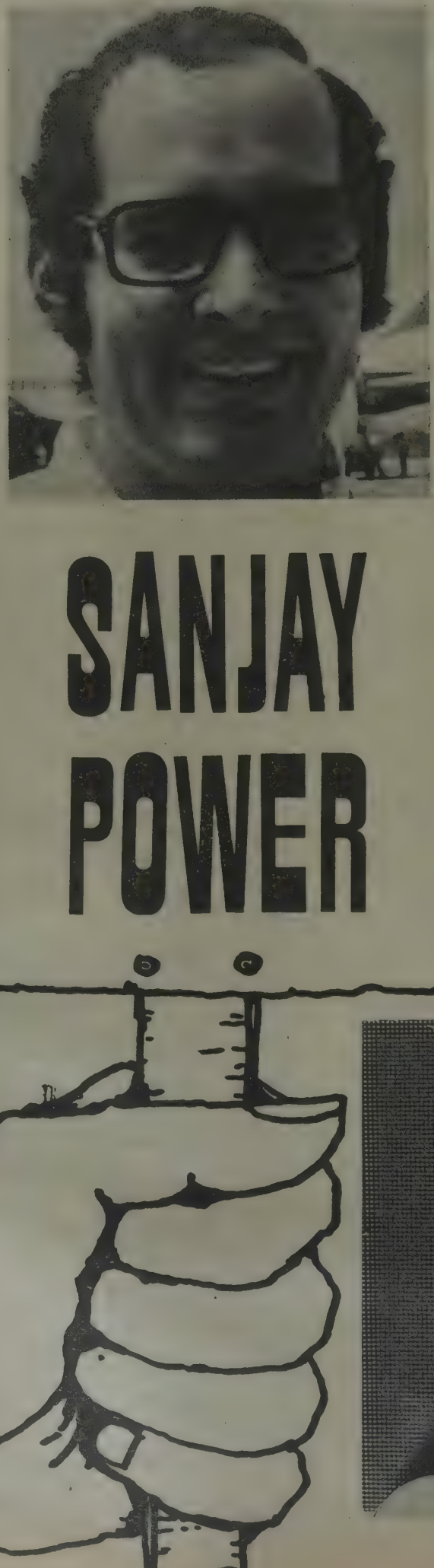
"At least the village women will vote for Indira Gandhi. They always have," I said.

"They are driving away Congress workers with rolling pins! Their husbands have been sterilised in a most ruthless way, dragged from their huts. They are blaming Indira and her son for it all," was the reply.

The tragedy of her own defeat and of the Congress party had its roots in Mrs. Gandhi's mental make-up. She has not always been able to distinguish between sincere friends and insincere ones, preferring the latter for their glib tongues. She dropped one of her honest and able advisers, Mr. P. N. Haksar, because, among other things, he is known to have suggested that she should disassociate herself from her younger son's activities. Sanjay could not forget this and he saw to it that Mr. Haksar was kept away from his mother. Not stopping at this ungracious act, Mr. Haksar's uncle, around 80 years of age, was made to spend a day in police custody. The charge? That towels or napkins did not bear individual price tags but only the bundle did. The uncle, the while, was seven miles away in his Connaught Place branch.

Mrs. Gandhi changed one group of advisers for another until, after the Allahabad High Court judgment, she settled for Sanjay and his friends because they had given her "protection" at a difficult time. They had advised her not to step down and showed her the way of hanging on to power. Like other politicians with the responsibility of running a Government, and that too of a country the size of India with its diverse and multitudinous problems, Mrs. Gandhi has always needed advisers. Her governance has been as good or bad as her advisers. She tripped badly when she accepted the likes of Bansi Lal and company for her own and her son's advisers and allowed a P.A. to stand between herself and her friends. Her entire style seemed to have changed and she no more looked for honest men.

There was common talk before the elections that Sanjay could be expected to be Prime Minister in two years.



Mr. Vishwa Bandhu Gup editor-proprietor of Tej who t ght Sanjay to fly planes, answ ed my question concerning th He said he would not have be surprised if Sanjay Gandhi r to be Prime Minister. He w intelligent and hardworking.

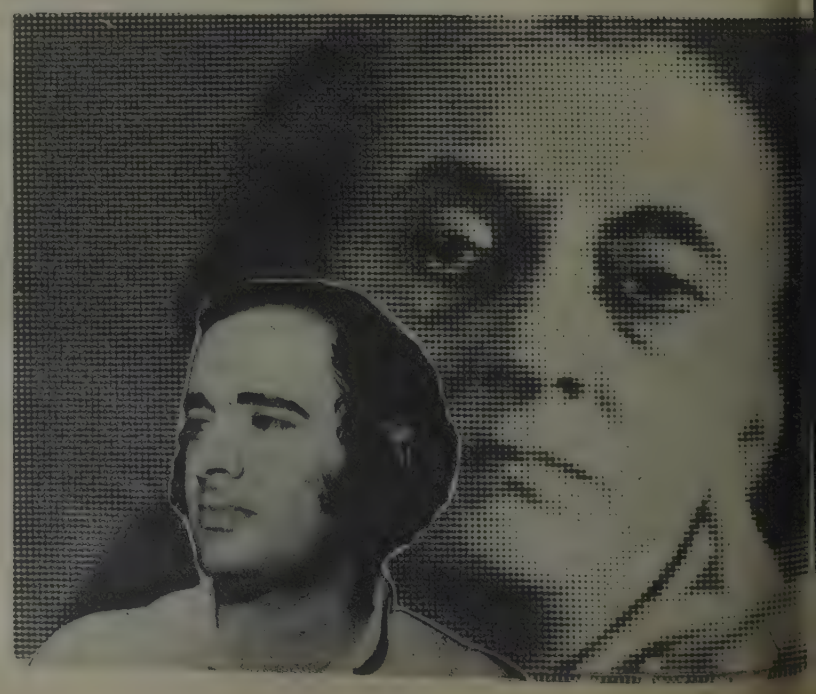
Soon the Sanjay coterie beg to grow in power. It began spread its tentacles everywh and Mrs. Gandhi's close frien began to be cold shoulder She allowed herself to be isol ed and seemed to have no w to assert herself.

She would ask Chief Ministe and others to "see Sanjay." was being built up with her a proval and blessings. She wou have liked to see her son lea how to walk before running. B Sanjay preferred to fly!

Whenever anyone dared mention to Mrs. Gandhi th people complained of excesse her stock reaction was that th was all propaganda against Sa jay. Some people were jealo of him. He was in fact ve popular and large crowds follo ed him wherever he went. S held the belief that a "bo leader" was finding his place the sun.

When I asked a friend of Sa jay during the Emergency wh

Sanjay with wife Maneka



her he was being groomed for Prime Ministership, he replied, "Who else is there to take over from Mrs. Gandhi when the time comes?"

"But Mrs. Gandhi is in good health," I said. "The time may be a long while away."

His reply was sinister and more particularly because it was uttered in a casual manner, "Who can tell? Look what happened to Mujib!"

Sanjay's friends were impatiently waiting for him to become Prime Minister so that they would inherit power. And they were brash and ruthless enough to brush anyone aside. The signs of a change-over from one dynastic ruler to another were there. Sanjay was becoming the real seat of power. As Congressmen are now saying, Mrs. Gandhi looked like sinking into a nonentity. When sycophants began to close in on Sanjay, Mr. Siddhartha Shankar Ray, who was one of the architects of the Emergency, spoke to Mrs. Gandhi of the dangers of inviting public disapproval. Mrs. Gandhi wrote the following letter to the Congress President Mr. Barooah about a year ago:

"You know of my dislike for personal publicity, I have spoken you and other friends, and much earlier I had written to Shri Shankar Dayal Sharma when he was Congress President. I would have firmly resisted and put a complete end to any use of my name and photographs but for the concerted and prolonged campaign of vilification and calumny against me to discredit the party and divert us from our policies. The party was compelled to — I can only think of one word — 'exploit' me to reassert itself. There was a plethora of posters, slogans and so on.

"The need for this has passed but I find each State vying with the other in extravagant publicity, in the number and size of posters and hoardings and the phrases used in speech and song. I have tried to express my distaste but it is difficult to do so without seeming rude and unappreciative of the effort and feelings of local organisers. Hence this letter.

"In spite of my own and Sanjay's views, the same pattern is being followed for him. Since July last year he has begun to take active interest in some of our important programmes. He was worried about the situation that arose in June and of course he was understandably irritated that he was made the target of an unjustified malicious attack. His suggestions regarding items of constructive work, which could be undertaken by the Youth Congress straightaway, have evoked a fairly good response, and he was requested to visit a number of States. (Sanjay has plenty to do in Delhi and neither he nor I were anxious that he should tour.) It was only at the insistence of several youth leaders or Chief Ministers, who considered that this would help the organisation, that he accepted their invitations. Since the first visits attracted large and enthusiastic crowds, and proved to be successful, such invitations multiplied. I am getting a large number of letters from different sections of the public endorsing his ideas and expressing pleasure that someone is projecting them in a down to earth and practical manner.

"It is perhaps understandable that the party should try to get the maximum benefit, and any popularity should be exploited to the full. However, Sanjay and I are both rather worried at the way in which these visits are handled. The arrangements seem to be over-elaborate and somewhat ostentatious. I do not think Chief Ministers or officials should go to airports, although certain basic security arrangements may be necessary. There should be no outriders or even roadside barricading. In fact, I do not approve of outriders even during my own tours. But this matter has to be gone into separately.

"Sanjay's visits should be considered basically with the Youth Congress, although other items in which he has shown interest or which may be useful to the local Congress could be included."

The Congress President in turn sent the following circular to Chief Ministers and others:

"We are indeed happy that Shri Sanjay Gandhi has been attracting large number of crowds during his visits to different states since last July when he began taking active interest in our important programmes. The great enthusiasm evoked by his tours among the Congressmen in particular, and the people in general, all over the country does, undoubtedly, need to be fully harnessed for the good of the party and its organisational set up.

"Shri Sanjay Gandhi's interest in these programmes owes itself to his instinctive reaction to the dangerous situation created by the Opposition parties in our country and his initial involvement in this great endeavour of ours is his positive response to counter the ceaseless vilification campaign carried on by the Opposition parties by constructive action. It is so obvious, however, that the results of his active participation have been of immense benefit to us at the grass-root level.

"In view of the fact that Shri Sanjay Gandhi has been receiving numerous invitations from all parts of the country, especially from the Youth Congress and the National Students' Union of India, and in order to enable his tour programmes to be more effective in the cause of the party I think I may express a word of caution in order that the Opposition may not get an opportunity for criticism.

"We may bear the following three points in mind:

a) Chief Ministers should avoid receiving and seeing him off at airports and railway stations;

b) arrangements in connection with his visits may not be over-elaborate and ostentatious in that the officials should not be present and the outriders and even roadside barricading be dispensed with;

c) only such state arrangements as are strictly necessary from security point of view be undertaken.

"In brief, any involvement of the government machinery in the execution of his programmes should be avoided.

"Barring these three points, every benefit should, however, be obtained by his visits in the furtherance of the party objectives and in order to attract the great mass of people, especially the youth and the students in our party-fold.

"In this connection, the Prime Minister has also written to me and I am reproducing an extract from that note for your information and guidance."

Though Mrs. Gandhi wanted Sanjay to tread slowly and tried to restrain him for tactical reasons his resentment over-powered her. A break with Sanjay could have meant a kind of civil war. Moreover, she really appears to have been taken in by sycophants who made her believe that Sanjay was being hailed all over the country as an answer to their prayer. The Chief Ministers and others the while were straining every nerve and extorting money from the public to put up a facade for Sanjay's benefit. The idea was to avoid being toppled, something which had already happened to those Chief Ministers and Ministers at the Centre who did not catch Sanjay's fancy. As one Congress MP put it: "it was really like a royal court, palace intrigues, courtesans and all."

Outriders apart, the Sanjay **tamashas** costing lakhs of rupees became bigger and more numerous. Not only did chief ministers receive him and follow him about like Mary's lamb but it was well known that they were most of them in a queue for an audience with him. One Sanjay friend and admirer boasted that he took down every word the young man uttered and another displayed entries in his notebook concerning appointments with Sanjay at a Press Conference! At the Gauhati Congress and after, Mrs. Gandhi made speeches indicating that the Youth Congress would largely replace the Indian National Congress.

Beginning with this issue, we reproduce three exciting chapters from the just released book "Black Wednesday" by PROMILLA KALHAN describing and analysing the events that led to the downfall of Indira Gandhi

---

Mrs. Gandhi seen with Mr. Bansi Lal and top Air Force officials.

SANJAY POWER

Against the backdrop of frank disclosures made by Mr. T. A. Pai among others, that Sanjay had access to Government files and that he even gave directions to a Chief Minister on the choice of Ministers, some of Mrs. Gandhi's statements delivered before the elections make interesting reading. In one speech she said that Sanjay was not giving any orders to any officers, but he might have met officers more to keep her informed than for any other purpose.

In another speech made in December 1976, Mrs. Gandhi said that the CPI leaders' attack on the five-point programme was not an attack on Sanjay but an attack on her "because he is much too small a fry. Obviously he is not going to be the Prime Minister or the President or any such thing. All he can be is a Congress worker." And yet every word she uttered stands contradicted. How much could Mrs. Gandhi be unaware of? In any case she was not prepared to hear any complaints against Sanjay. Any attack on Sanjay was an attack on her. She identified herself with Sanjay and defended his actions and brushed away criticism of Bansi Lal by saying that there had been much progress in Haryana because of him.

The story of how cash in massive amounts earmarked "Party funds" changed hands has yet to be written in detail. Industries from sugar to textiles and what have you, raised huge amounts for the purpose. This played havoc with the country's economy and has helped to keep prices rising. The industries have passed on the burden to the consumer who has had to tighten his belt all the while to satisfy the avarice of some. These economic crimes against society are now being identified.

About a fortnight after losing the election, Mrs. Gandhi told a sympathetic friend, one of many who have been calling on her to condole her as well as her Party's defeat, that she now finds that much that went on in the Central Secretariat and within her own household was unknown to her. But she has evidently thought it better not to make a public statement along these lines.

What is Sanjay like as a person? What are the attributes of the son on whom Mrs. Gandhi had begun to lean so heavily? Anybody who came into contact with him rates his intelligence as high. He could be polite to people he knew he could not bully. Always arrogant, the Emergency made him increasingly more so.

He grew up very pampered. As a child he was not as robust as his elder brother Rajiv and it is said that a head injury as a child resulted in everyone handling him softly and allowing him to grow up in a tension-free atmosphere according to medical prescription. A few years ago Sanjay was operated upon for hernia with complications which occurred due to neglect of the ailment. According to a doctor who came into contact with Sanjay, he belongs to a category of persons who are intelligent but very impressionable. Their actions are governed by influences around them. They can put her intelligence to good purpose or bad. Such subjects sometimes develop aggressive tendencies. But more than anything else the pampering he received from the entire household spoilt him. He became arrogant and reckless, traits which probably made him attractve to some people, particularly women. They too pampered him since he was considered highly eligible.

Politicians saw Sanjay as a ladder which could help them to climb up, and one or two dreamt of climbing up to the very top. If Mr. Jagjivan Ram had not left the Congress when he did the Youth Congress and many of Sanjay's favourites would have been given tickets. Rukhsana Sultana, for instance, was replacing Subhadra Joshi as the Congress candidate to fight the election from Chandni Chowk.

I met some of the Andhra Pradesh Congress leaders who were in Delhi at the time the question of tickets was being decided. They appeared to be greatly agitated that many of them would be in the wilderness because forty per cent of the tickets would go to persons sponsored by the Youth Congress. Not all of them were people with the kind of image that attracts votes. As to Rukhsana, Mrs. Gandhi had been warned that she might quite easily be beaten so badly that she might lose her deposit.

But Rukhsana was perhaps being thought of as a Minister in the new scheme of things. A close friend of Sanjay's told me at the time that the new Lok Sabha would be dotted with Sanjay's boys and girls. If Sanjay was likely to be Prime Minister in a matter of two years it was essential that his supporters should be in Parliament. "That answers your question: Will the Congress Party stomach Sanjay as its leader?" he added.

As a boy Sanjay did not seem to be interested in his studies but only in the kind of pranks which could land him in trouble and give a bad name to the Nehru family. He seemed to take interest in mechanical work and his mother did her best to provide him with opportunities to develop any latent talent in this field. He seemed interested in cars, so he was given the chance to train in a prestigious motor work in England. Back in Delhi he tinkered with the idea of making a new small car and carried out his experiments in a workshop in Punjabi Bagh. It is anybody's guess whether the number of cars that ever came out of Maruti Ltd., Sanjay's crores' worth of factory near Gurgaon, were 20 or 200.

A large number of businessmen looking for dealerships for the car sunk their money but got no returns. One dealer described to me a meeting with Sanjay at Maruti. The dealer wanted back his money running into a few lakhs. Sanjay was brusque and asked the dealer to sell roadrollers instead. The dealer said he was not interested in roadrollers but a new small car. Thereupon the dealer was told to "go home and think again." The dealer who had come all the way from Hyderabad was given a Janata lunch in the workers' canteen. The quick lunch over, Sanjay took his leave. He pointed to the Maruti gate and said just across the road was a bus stop. The dealer could take a bus to town. With that Sanjay disappeared.

The arrogant behaviour of Sanjay was bad enough but his reflected glory played havoc. Rukhsana told me casually and with a touch of amusement that Sanjay had lightly chided her for being rude to a certain lady. "She is a dark stout woman. I was rude to her. Sanjay said I had made a **faux pas.** She was the General Secretary of the Congress!"

Soon after Mohammed Yunus was appointed the Emergency Special Envoy, stories spread about his rude behaviour. He could tick off anyone, be it Minister or diplomat. Yunus is a special buddy of Sanjay and V. C. Shukla took orders from him. As he held forth to diplomats during Delhi's cocktail rounds, they visibly shrank back. They were being exposed to a new experience! Mohammed Yunus has been around in Delhi for years. He used to amuse Pandit Nehru with funny stories at family get-togethers.

The circle of success and defeat followed by success is usual in a democracy. Any ruling Party is bound to invite a certain number of critics for the administration of bitter medicine is sometimes necessary to restore health. But the sort of facts that are now emerging are going to leave damaging stains. That is the real tragedy for Mrs. Gandhi and not the defeat of her Party which in any case needed to undergo a catharsis.

Newspapers have been reporting the burning and filching of documents. It is known that investigations by "ace police officers" are in progress. How much anybody will own up now depends on how much can be proved. One wishes somebody will prove or disprove once and for all the existence of a certain hotel in Italy which has been the subject of conversation for years. Ordinances and the Emergency did not succeed in stopping rumours. They merely went "underground". It is now time to clear the air so that politics does not become synonymous with skulduggery.

By arrangement with Sterling Publishers Private Ltd., Delhi

To be continued

SMOKING

(Continued from page 9)

asserting their rights as smoke For example, Laurence Quaresr ni, a Brisbane taxi-driver, refi es to carry cigarette smoking pa sengers, and was taken to cou for it. Questioned by a Sta Transport Department offic Quaresmini said: "I can't sta cigarette smoking in the c while I am driving. If they wo put their cigarettes out, I wo carry them."

It would seem that many smo ers do want to stop smokir For example, Ann Landers, t syndicated columnist, once wro in her column about the "5-Da Plan to Stop Smoking" operat by the Seventh Day Adventi Church as a community servic The centre she mentioned no mally receives and process about 400 inquiries monthly. A the height of the response perio following the Landers colum one day's mail brought 1,126 le ters, besides numerous telepho calls and telegrams.

In India, the National Temp rance Society of India, at Sali bury Park (Post Box 15) Poona, gives information abo the 5-Day-Plan which, it is clai ed, has helped at least 11 millio people stop smoking since it wa introduced about fifteen yea ago. The plan claims an initi success rate of 85 per cent ar at least 50 per cent still n smoking after three months.

The growing anxiety abo smoking at least in Weste countries is well-demonstrated b the fact that their cigarette co panies are beginning to adverti on the basis of low tar and lo nicotine contents. While less t and nicotine do not make cig rette smoking safe, switching lower tar and nicotine bran "somewhat reduces the seriou risks incurred by smoking," a cording to Dr. E. Cyler Hammon of the American Cancer S ciety. As "Listen" magazi puts it, "Cigarettes kill, but lo tar may kill more slowly."

Why then don't cigarette co panies in India try to decrea the risks taken by their patro by producing cigarettes with lo tar and low nicotine contents?

Why is it that in India ever one—the people and the author ties (doctors, scientists, man facturers and the government i cluded) continue to be compl cent and blase about the situ tion, revelling in the bliss of ou ignorance and unconcern? Wh are we ostriches, while pe ple in other countries are d voting so much energy and m ney to the campaign again smoking and the public in thos countries are beginning to realis the gravity of the situation an take suitable action?

Why is it, anyway, that intelli gent people continue to smoke i spite of all the proven odd against it?

(Literature courtesy: Bomba Doordarshan)

THE FEMALE NUDES

Continued from page 21

ssert herself. She may be put n a pedestal and even worship-ed, but man is always her supe-ior.

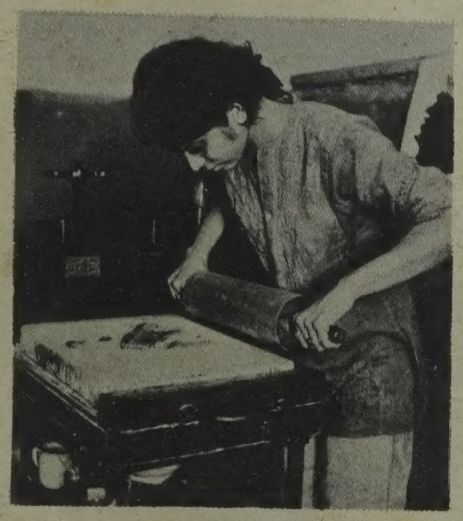
Again, Ila Pal finds a lot of ain in the female nude, and she trives to juxtapose this with lature. When nude, the particu-r identity of the human body—acial, national, regional, social—virtually lost and gives way to sort of universality — hence its oseness to nature.

In a larger context, Ila Pal els that flesh by itself is aesthe-ally convincing. A female nude so expresses emotions more gnificantly than a male nude nd hence her passion for the rmer. She feels that through r female nudes she is able to ed off her own self-pity and ty for other women, and can ven realise a feeling of wo-en's ultimate dominance. Ila is poet and one is tempted to ote a few relevant lines from poem of hers:

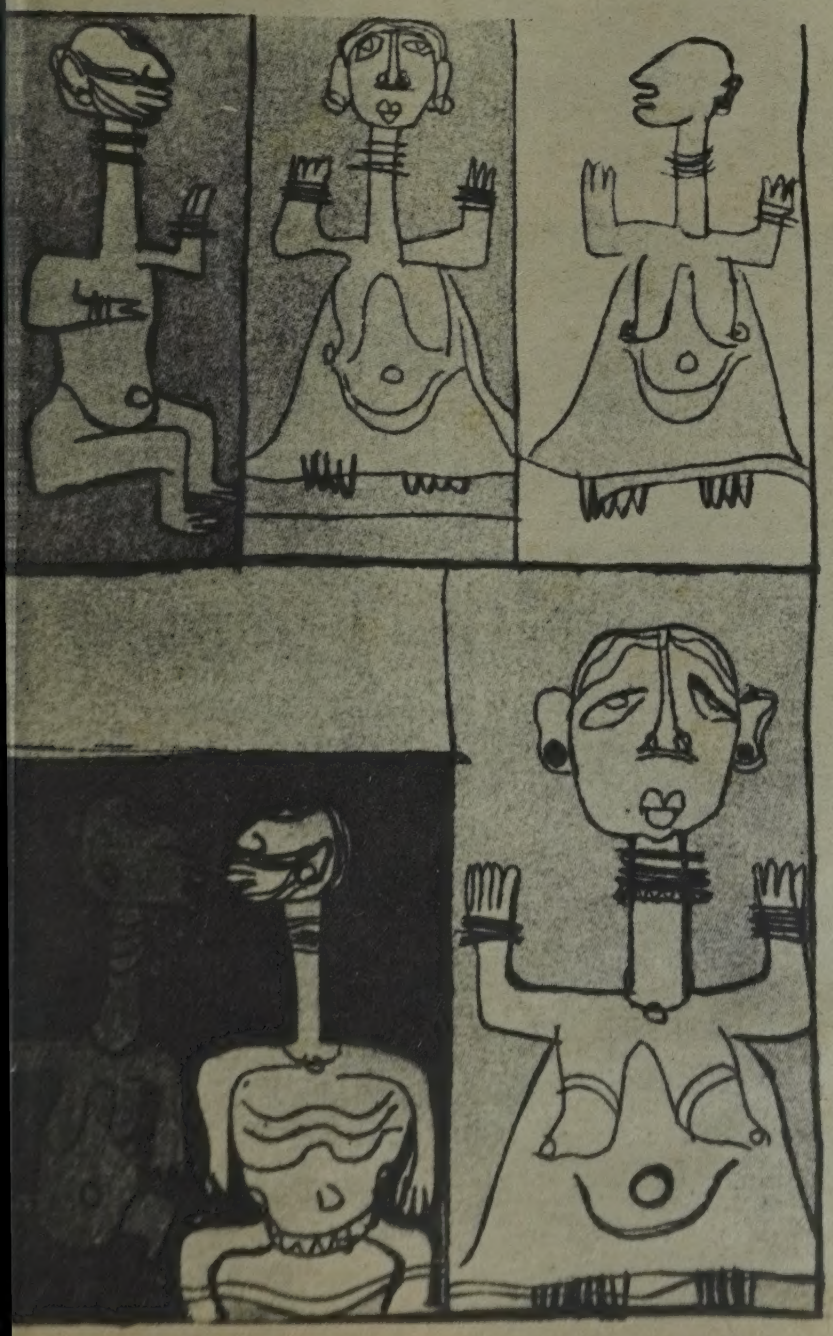
"What is a woman/A Laksh-? A Durga? A Kali?/A mother the life-giver/debilitated by rigours of meeting/the mands of a man-made society/ ..Why do I find her often, most buried/in the debris of the ceding past?"

On a technical level, Ila Pal prefers to draw models and execute the finished paintings from memory. Her colours leave a deep impact. Her nude paintings have a peculiar pristine quality. They best express her dream world which however, is controlled and disciplined by a well-evolved technical virtuosity.

Shakuntala Kulkarni (nee Murdeshwar) is totally unlike the artists covered so far. With her it is erotica all the way, and she paints both female and male nudes. Significantly, her figures stop just short of the actual sex act. The eroticism portrayed by Shakuntala expresses the confrontation of the positive and the negative — purusha and prakriti —aspects of life. One notices that her woman is far bigger than the man. At times, her woman even looks like an animal.



Shakuntala Kulkarni



In a way, it is perhaps thus that this woman artist expresses her belief in the ultimate smallness of the man versus the woman. The man is often made to stand on a stool to be able to reach the woman. The dominance of woman over man is forcefully brought out. Woman's role as the mother—her procreativity, without which the race could not continue — confirms her dominance.

Shakuntala's women and men are weird beings of her subconscious. Hence the feeling of fantasia in her erotic paintings.

Shakuntala's renderings ae monocolour etchings. The prints are of a single drawing or a pair or panels or a number of drawings. They reveal a keen sense of composition and a well-grounded technique, and the artist has chosen an exciting graphic medium to express herself. Basically, Shakuntala is an abstract artist and her involvement with the nude woman and man may be a diversion. At the same time it does represent an important facet of the artist's oevre.

Anjolie Ela Menon exploits the female nude on a yet different level. Basically she has discovered an empathy with the 12th and 13th century European paintings and frescoes and Russian icons, and has adopted them as her own means of expression.

Her faces with their haunting vacant eyes and the stance of her figures, most vividly speak of human agonies and tragedies. Her paintings are either allegorical or narrative. Apart from the medieval European overtones, one is deeply impressed by the evocativeness obtained by this artist. And in this context, her nudes are the most striking and in their weird world, movingly expressive.

Devoid of clothes these figures stand on their own and hence would appear to serve best the artist's purpose of expressing themes larger than life. Again, devoid of clothes, they have a universal quality and though set in a fantasy, Anjolie's nudes express human suffering in the most revealing manner. Their appeal is eternal. The 12th and 13th century faces impart a historical credence and at the same time the artist goes a step further and obtains a pristine quality, by juxtaposing her nudes against a weird background — bird, fish, goat and flora.

On a different level, one is impressed by the artist's rendering of the ethos and its mood with the result that her nudes haunt one for a long, long time. Just a standing female nude with a plain background with the "horizon line" cutting across the canvas just behind the vacant eyes too has this haunting feeling.

Our present day women artists seem to be interested in the female nude essentially as the most intense means of self expression.

Devi

When Dr. Bali's ex-wife Ruby married Satish Bajaj four years ago, I thought the score was "even" between the Balis. That is, till his second son Chottu got married to Neeru Aneja a few months back. Neeru, who hails from a family in Kabul sent trays full of mithai, dry fruits, expensive presents and "Shagun ka Saman" to father-in-law Dr. Bali as a gesture of peace, I suppose. She, with Chottu

HEMA-SARIKA LOVE & KISSES

even went for **pav padoing** Dr. Bali and personally invited him for the wedding. Dr. Bali was extremely polite to them and readily accepted the Shagun presents. Encouraged, the young couple printed Dr. Bali's name on the wedding card. Dr. Bali, of course, never turned up, nor did he send any present to them.

* * *

Salim-Javed, Naya Bharat, Emergency, No Bharat, again Salim-Javed. . . bla, bla. . . and Manoj Kumar has come out of the deep freeze, to melt like home-made kulfi at the muhurat of Balbir Kumar's "Santosh". The film has luscious women — Hema, Raakhee, Sarika—and another wholesome hero, Shatrughan Sinha. At the muhurat apart from Manoj, there were Hema Malini and Sarika. Hema continued giving fond kisses to Sarika. It suited Hema, since Hema looks motherly with double chin, etc. In fact, even in "Kinara" she looks so much like Ammi Jaya Chakrovarty. The muhurat was attended by many more well preserved folks like Kamini Kaushal, Nimmi, Hangal and, of course, the twin trumpets, Salim-Javed. The trumpets discovered me, I spotted their car, managed to hitch a lift, but not before a stopover at trumpet house. . .

* * *

Some woman, who gave her name as Mrs. Sen, but sounded like a Parsi, rang me up to say that she heard yells, loud cries from Sultan Ahmed's house. She told me a **rangeen kahani** of Sultan's **romances** and insisted that I should save Shammi, who is very sad. Rubbish. Last time I met Shammi, she had brushed off hubby's roving eye saying, "Mera Miya sabun thoda hai jo ghiske khatam ho gayega!"

people and events

At the inauguration of the Maharashtra State Women's Council's fir village balwadi, are seen (from left): Mrs. Saroj Apte, Presidex MSWC, Chief Guest Sheriff Dr. Anjanabai Magar, Mr. Kanga, Gener Manager CIDCO, and Mrs. Usha Sathe, Vice President, MSWC.

LEFT: At a charity show organised by the Andheri Jaycees, are see from left Mrs. Ravi Vohra, Zarina Wahab, Mrs. Vimala Somaiah, Pr sident, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Asha Sachdev, and H.M.S. Vohr

RIGHT: Meher Moos talks about her visit to the Antarctic continent. Seen with her (extreme right) are Perin Gobhai of the Time and Talents Club (left) and Pheroza P. Shroff of the Cymroza Art Gallery.

BELOW: Seen at the U.P. Handlooms' new showroom in Bombay, inaugurated by filmstar Zaherra are (from left) Mr. R. P. Pal, Mrs. Rani Shevakram, Zaherra, Mr. S. B. Sikhoo and Mr. Deepak Chhabra.

ABOVE: Recent additions to th Himachal Police, women polic talk to tourists in Simla.

LEFT: Seen at the Jayceerettes cocktail party in Pune for film stars and women cricketers ar (from left): Gulshan Ghelani Zarina Wahab, Sanju Navani, an Usha Narang.

bombay

The India Sponsorship Committee recently held a function to honour the Best Sponsored Citizen Child who won the Governor's Award.

The Governor Mr. Sadiq Ali and Mrs. Sadiq Ali were present the occasion to give recognition to children who had shown outstanding human qualities despite their handicapped environments.

The Gold, Silver and Bronze medal winners all come from poor families with a lot of family responsibilities, but are doing very well in their studies, which are financed by the Committee.

The Committee works for the promotion of education among underprivileged children. Individual donors sponsor children. So far 1400 children have been sponsored through their international sponsorship programmes.

* * *

The Maharashtra State Women's Council has launched a new project of a Balvadi for children in the village of Shahad, near Belapur. This project was inaugurated by the Sheriff of Bombay, Dr. Anjanabai Magar.

In her speech she exhorted the women who had gathered there to spread knowledge through the opening of more and more Balwadis. She suggested that, "If you feel that educating your daughters does not bring you dividends, you should educate your daughters-in-law who will always be with you and can help in times like this. Just as one goes for a place of worship near your home, one should also insist on a house of learning."

The President of the Maharashtra State Women's Council, Mrs. Saroj Apte welcomed the chief guest and Mrs. Usha Sathe, Vice-President of the Council, proposed a vote of thanks.

* * *

Speaking at a Charity Show organised by Andheri Jaycees, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya appreciated their valuable services for the development of the community.

The audience enjoyed the variety entertainment programme performed by Madhumati, Manoj Deepak, Laxmi Chhaya, Deepak Singh, Chandrani Mukherjee, Vijay Kumar, Deepmala, Dinesh Thakoo and Nagendra under the leadership of Madhumati Manohar Deepak Cultural Troupe.

Mr. H. M. S. Vohra, Chairman of the fund-raising commission of Andheri Jaycees complimented the Bombay public for their generous support. He said that the Rs. 25,000/- collected by the programme would be utilised for educational and medical assistance for the needy.

The programme was organised by Project Directors Mr. K. S. Makkar and Mr. V. K. Chadha.

Earlier, the president of Andheri Jaycees, Mrs. Vimala Somaiah welcomed the gathering and introduced her team of members who made the fund-raising programme successful.

madras

An All-India Conference of field officers of the Central Social Welfare Board was held at Tamizhagam, Ootacamund, from May 28—May 30. The objectives of the conference were to discuss the role of field officers in the promotion of need-based programmes through voluntary agencies, development of counselling methods, and the problems and difficulties in the the actual implementation of the programmes.

At the inaugural function, the Collector of the Nilgiris, Thiru Inbasagaran, welcomed the gathering. Inaugurating the conference Mr. P. B. Patwari, the Governor of Tamil Nadu, praised the excellent work done by the Board and assured the Board members of his own help and that of his Government. In her presidential address, Mrs. Sarojini Varadappan, Chairman of the Board, spoke of the broad spectrum of its activities and stressed the need for better and newer methods in the place of traditional approaches to social problems. Mrs. Akkamma Devi, District Chairman of the Board, proposed the vote of thanks.

mangalore

The "Raga" Boutique, a new venture of the Albuquerque Hotels Private Ltd., was inaugurated at the Summer Sands Beach Resort, Ullal, by Mr. Veerappa Moily, Minister for Small Scale Industries, Karnataka. The evening began with a prayer song composed by Tagore.

In his inagural address Mr. Veerappa Moily commented on the fact that the boutique was not only promoting local handicrafts but also providing work to handicapped and improverished artisans.

kerala

Mrs. Bhimalray, headmistress of Moyan Girls Government Model High School, Palghat, won this year's National Teachers' Award. Her performance in the Chawakad High School as an Assistant in 1957-58 is a model for other teachers. She helped to start a Mahila Samaj and a Harvest Hostel there.

Miss Parvathiammal was adjudged the best artist with the maximum number of points in the two day Art Festival held under the auspices of the Nehru Yuvak Kendra of Alleppey District. She received the shield from Mr. V. M. Sudhiran, M.P. at a function held at Parakkad near Alleppey.

K. M. Celine was adjudged the best Sportswoman, 1976, in a Gallup poll conducted by the daily "Malayala Manorama". According to the organisers, 16,528 persons participated in the poll.

Miss Celine is a third year degree student at the Alphoneza College, Palai. She has won individual championships for three years continuously in the Inter-University Athletic Meet.

* * *

The foundation stone for the first Cheshire home in Kerala for the aged, the incurably sick and the deformed was laid at Kuravankonam recently on a site donated by the Arch Diocese of Trivandrum.

* * *

Mrs. Seetha Krishnan, wife of Vice-Admiral N. Krishnan, Chairman and Managing Director of Cochin Shipyard, praised the services of the Brahmin Ladies Welfare Association in Cochin. She was speaking as the chief guest on the second anniversary of the Association at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan auditorium. Mrs. Meenakshi welcomed the gathering and Mrs. Swarnam Seshadri released a souvenir.

simla

The Himachal police administration has handed over the Police Assistance-cum-Reporting Room on the Mall, the busiest nerve centre of the town, to women police. This Assistance Room is the centre where the police force is exposed the most to the public. Pleasant faced Moharrir Head Constable, Jaywanti Sharma and her colleagues Champa and Shashi Bhatia have become very popular with both the tourists and the locals. The centre is open around the clock and is entirely manned by the women.

Encouraged by tremendous public response, the Police Chief has recommended the recruitment of Lady Assistant Sub Inspectors and promotion of the Lady Constables to the higher ranks. Soon the Police Assistance Room is to be upgraded to a Police Station manned by women Police with state-wide jurisdiction. This Police Station will investigate all criminal cases in which women and children are involved.

world of eve

GULCHEHRA BELYAEVA

"Young, charming and exuberant is Gulchehra Belyaeva of the Hindi Unit, Radio Moscow.

Modest and shy, "Gul" is on her second visit to India—with a definite purpose: "To attain perfection in the pronunciation of Hindi words," she told me.

Gul first came to India in 1964 to study Hindi at the University of Allahabad. "On completion of the 5-month Hindi course, I was able to read and write Hindi efficiently," she recalled.

Says Gul: "There is lot of interest in Hindi and Urdu in my country."

The Russian newsreader loves meeting people and exploring new places. She speaks Hindi, Urdu, English and German with great fluency, apart from Russian. She also loves listening to the sitar and sarod, and swimming.

Says Gul: "One day I will write a book in Hindi." That would mean being one up on a large number of Hindi-speaking Indians.

K. AMARESWARI

Mrs. K. Amareswari is the first woman to be appointed a judge of the Andhra Pradesh High Court and the first lady in India to be elevated directly from the bar to a High Court bench.

Mrs. Konamneni Amareswari (48) did her M.A. from Andhra University. She graduated in law in 1951.

Soon after the formation of Andhra Pradesh, Mrs. Amareswari set up independent practice at Guntur. In 1956, when the High Court was shifted to Hyderabad, she too moved to Hyderabad to practise there.

She was elected president of the ladies' union and the University students' union in 1946-48.

Mrs. Amareswari participates in women's emancipation programmes. She is an authority on transport laws. She was appointed a Government pleader in the High Court in October, 1974. Mrs. Amareswari has succeeded in living up to the standards she set for herself in her profession: those of an intellectual with a grasp of practical problems, who prefers to communicate with others on the level of ideas.

hi ya honey!

CHOOSE ONE CAREFULLY

WHAT TYPE IS YOUR WIFE? GRUMBLER, CALLER, THROWER OR CRIER?

By an Alves called Johnnie

I was at a party recently nursing my second Indian-made "foreign" whisky. I was trying to enjoy my drink but I could not take my eyes off a man in the crowd who ducked each time he heard a woman's loud voice. On enquiring from my neighbours at the party, as to this peculiar trait, I was told that the poor bloke had married a female who was in the habit of throwing things at the slightest provocation. This man it appears has had all kinds of things thrown at him. He has now nailed all the ashtrays and vases in his house and has got rid of the throwable objects.

There are among wives, those who throw things and those who don't and it's very advisable to find out either before or early in marriage to which category your wife belongs, so that you can perfect a defensive plan.

There are several types of wives that you can draw in this greatest of all life's raffles. You can marry a wife with supertension who generally indulges in throwing things. By a queer and unhappy coincidence she will also turn out to be the past putt-shot champion of her college. You can draw a grumbler, who at the slightest provocation can grumble for hours on end, leading to your developing frayed nerves and hypertension. You can be the unlucky winner of a silent-with-rage variety, who just clamps up and irritates you to no end, because you can't tell what the hell she's thinking.

I am of the confirmed opinion that you have won the real booby prize if you have drawn the tearful Theresa type. I should know. I married this variety. At the slightest hint of a disagreement, she has a hidden mechanism somewhere in her body which gets automatically activated and tears begin to flow. I tell you, honey, there's nothing a man can do to fight a wife's tears. The more the husband argues, the more profuse is the flow of tears. In one particular argument, the result of presenting me food that looked like burnt offerings, she started crying so loudly that a neighbour walked in to settle matters. Without even trying to find out the cause, the latter turned to me and said, "You should be ashamed of yourself — making your wife cry so bitterly." It was the only occasion I remember when I joined in the crying. We made a wonderful tearful duet.

I have known some lucky husbands who have been married to the go-home-to-mother type. (Very embarrassing if her mother has gone to her grandmother's!). A very convenient type of wife, I must agree. If for instance, the husband has a very engaging — and interesting—appointment and he finds that his wife does not want him to go, all he has to do is start an argument, and in a jiffy she is off to her mother's for the week-end, leaving the coast clear. This type comes particularly handy in bored or long drawn out marriages. What if a husband is fed up and wants some peace or change of atmosphere? The convenient thing to do is to have a violent quarrel and she's immediately off your hands for a few days, perhaps longer if you and your mother-in-law don't really hit it off.

I think the husband to be really pitied is the one who has married the "I don't care" type. Take poor Fred, for instance. He is more neglected than an orphan. When he complains about the food, she whistles a tune from Beethoven's Fifth. When he reminds her of his buttonless shirt, she throws a few rusty pins in his direction. The only time she was really worried was when he was involved in an accident. She hurried up to him in the hospital and enquired if he had paid the premium on his life insurance.

I don't know what type poor Lewis married, but each time I mention his wife, he jumps with fright.

Whichever type of wife you draw, it's a case of heads she wins, tails you lose.

Until next time then.

next week

Eve's Weekly

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EXPORT OF ESSENTIAL COMMODITIES
The pros and cons

KARATE
Why women should take it up

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